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To his horror he saw the supposed dead Indian risen to his feet, and in the act of throwing a tomahawk.

HAWKEYE HARRY, THE YOUNG TRAPPER RANGER.

BY OLL COOMES,
Author of "Frank Bell, the Boy Spy," "Shooting Star, the Boy Chief," etc.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT HARRY STOLE FROM THE TRADERS.

HAWKEYE HARRY became thoughtful. There was not a doubt in his mind now, but that the pretended traders were villains. But how should he act? He was satisfied in his own mind that the woman—if it really was a woman—in the wagon, was a prisoner; and under the circumstances, his spirit and humane heart rebelled against the idea of leaving the camp without learning the true situation of the person in the covered vehicle.

If it was a woman, or even a child, how could he liberate her, or it, without creating some noise in getting away from the camp? Even if he succeeded in getting the prisoner from the wagon, could he escape detection by the two guards in getting away from the grove?

He had scarcely asked himself the question when something touched him gently upon the shoulder next to the wagon. He turned his head, and almost staggered under the visionary blow which he received. Through the rent he had made in the canvas cover, he saw a small snow-white hand protruding. He knew at a glance by the tapering, dimpled fingers, the round and marble smoothness of the arm, that it was the hand and arm of a young female.

In the very position of that little hand, Hawkeye Harry intuitively read a silent and humble appeal for assistance; of this, words could not have told him plainer.

He reached forward, and gently took the little hand within his own hard palm. It was soft as velvet, and the touch sent a magnetic thrill through his whole frame. It was to let the owner of that hand know

that he was cognizant of her presence in the wagon, that induced him to grasp the delicate member.

Gently the hand of the unknown drew him closer to the wagon. He knew by this that she wished to speak to him, and when the little hand was withdrawn, he applied his ear to the rent.

"Oh, sir! I am a prisoner! Can you not save me from the power of these wicked men?" was breathed gently, softly in his ear.

Harry's spirit was aroused. There was something in the humble appeal of the unknown prisoner that seemed to have magnified his strength and courage to that of desperation.

Placing his lips to the rent, he replied: "Keep silent as the grave, and I'll save you before morning, be you man, woman or child."

"I am a helpless girl; these men are taking me, I know not where!" replied the prisoner.

"A helpless girl!" mused Harry. "By Heaven, I'll bet she's an angel, and she shall be saved if it costs Hawkeye Harry his life!"

Again placing his mouth to the rent, he said:

"Wait till after midnight; then I'll come to your rescue. Can you ride on horse-back?"

"Yes," replied the prisoner.

Harry withdrew from the side of the wagon, and returned to his couch, but not to sleep. The touch of that little hand was still vibrating through every nerve; he could still hear that gentle voice breathing in his ear, and in his mind he had pictured the face of an angel. Finally, he fell to

speculating over her situation—why it was that she was a prisoner there, who her captors were, from whence she had been abducted, and to where she was being taken. But he could arrive at nothing definite in regard to the matter, more than that there was a little mystery and considerable villainy in it.

The four traders slept soundly, and after a couple of hours more had worn away in anxiety and suspense to the young ranger, he knew it must be near midnight. The moon was sinking to the westward, and its light no longer shone upon the covered wagon.

Again Harry arose from his couch upon the hard earth, and going to where the two traders were on guard, he relieved them from duty, and took upon his own shoulders the entire responsibility of the watch.

The men returned to camp and were soon stretched upon the ground, fast asleep. Hawkeye Harry remained at his post over an hour; then, with all his remarkable caution, he crept back to the camp and found that all the traders were sleeping soundly.

He next went to where their horses were hitched; and having selected the fleetest and strongest one in the corral, he untied and led it around to where his own horse was tied at grass. He then procured a saddle and bridle and put the former on the back of the trader's horse. The bridle he put on his own animal, then strapped a blanket over his back. All was now ready for his flight with the maiden.

Cautiously he crept back to the wagon, and having made sure that the traders were asleep, he tapped softly upon the canvas cover.

There was a response in a similar manner. Harry's heart now began to flutter excitedly, not so much through fear of being detected in what he was doing, as expectation, and the consciousness that he would stand face to face, the next minute, with a strange maiden that in his mind's eye he had pictured as an angel.

With his knife he slit the canvas, and then, thrusting his head through the rent, whispered:

"Are you ready to flee, little stranger?"

"Yes, sir," was the response.

"Then come, and be just as easy as you can."

Harry withdrew his head from the opening, and the next instant he saw the head and shoulders of the unknown appear from the wagon.

It was not so dark but that he could see the outlines of her features, and at the first glance he saw that his mind's picture was not overdrawn—that the face of the maiden was one of exquisite loveliness. She was young—not over fifteen years of age, with a small, lithe figure, clear-cut features, and long, wavy hair that fell in golden ripples down her back.

Cautiously Hawkeye Harry assisted the trembling girl from the wagon and placed her upon her feet; but her limbs were so cramped with long confinement that she was compelled to cling to Harry for support.

Here was the first trouble, which had been wholly unexpected, but Harry, since he had gained but even a partial view of the maiden's face, had been inspired with a new life, and he resolved that nothing, unless it was death, should deter him from rescuing the maiden. So he lifted her in his arms as though she had been a child, and carried her to where the two horses were in readiness.

Then he placed her upon the back of his own trusty animal, gave her the reins, and unhitched the beast.

Turning, he mounted the trader's horse, and the next moment they were galloping eastward over the plain.

Harry saw at a glance that his young protegee was no novice in equestrianism. She sat her horse with grace and ease.

Upon the open plain, the moon rendered it almost light as day. The night was unusually warm for October, in this high latitude, and the air was laden with a soft and balmy fragrance, dreamlike in its inspiration.

When they had cleared the outskirts of the prairie and found themselves fairly upon the plain, Hawkeye Harry turned his eyes, with a strange light of admiration beaming from their depths, upon the fair being at his side.

Her golden hair was pushed back by the breeze from a snowy brow, and floated about her head in beautiful, disordered tresses. Her features were purely classical in outline, and as clearly cut as those of an ancient cameo. Her eyes, as near as he could tell by the moonlight, were of a dark brown, large and lustrous, and shaded by long, drooping lashes, that gave them an innocent and childlike expression.

Her dress was of some rich material, and made after a fashion that was not of the border. A crimson shawl was about her shoulders and fastened in front by a jeweled clasp. A circlet of gold flashed upon one of her dimpled fingers, while about her neck was a necklace of great brilliancy, to which was attached a locket that gleamed like a diamond as it nestled against her snowy throat.

She was a being of rare beauty, and it required but a single glance to tell our hero that she was a child of luxury and wealth. Her rich dress and flashing jewels told of affluence untainted by vanity, and her tone, and general appearance, were indicative of social refinement and intellectual culture.

How came she in the power of Henri Roche and his party?

Harry, now that he had accomplished the maiden's rescue, found himself at a loss

for words to open a conversation. He felt that he was in the presence of a being far superior to him; that his rude backwoods speech and coarse buck-skin garments would shock her refined sensibilities. The maiden seemed to have divined his thoughts, and at once bore down the barrier of formality by saying:

"Kind sir, this is more than I had expected from a stranger."

"What is?" stammered Harry.

"That you should endanger your life for my sake."

"My life, little woman, has become accustomed to constant dangers. I'm a free trapper of the Nor-west, without kith or kin, and with no one to mourn for me if lost. I like the adventure which I have up here among these northern lakes, among the red-skins and beaver."

"And did I not hear you tell my abductor your name was Hawkeye Harry?" asked the maiden.

"That's what I'm called, though my right name is Harry Houston," replied the young man.

"I heard Hawkeye Harry highly spoken of at the fort," said his fair companion.

"At the fort?" exclaimed Harry. "Then you live at the fort, do you?"

"No, sir," she replied. "I have a brother there whom I was visiting along with my father. My home is in Ohio. You know my brother, perhaps; his name is Eugene Gardette."

"Major Gardette?"

"The same."

"I know the major like a beaver-trap; and you're his sister?"

"Yes, sir. My name is Nora Gardette."

"Then I'll warrant the major, with a party of soldiers, isn't far behind Henri Roche and his men; but how came you in Roche's power, Miss Gardette?"

"At sunset the day before yesterday, I walked out alone along the river-bank, a short distance above the fort. I would not have gone at all, but brother Eugene promised to join me in a few minutes. I sat down on a log by the river-bank to wait for him. Just then two men came from the woods behind me. One of them seized me and placed a handkerchief over my mouth to prevent me from crying out. Then he said to his companion:

"Take her hat, Price, and toss it into the river, and crumble off the edge of the bank, so they'll think she's fallen into the water and been drowned."

"The next instant I was lifted in my abductor's arms and carried back into the woods, where fleet horses were in waiting. I was taken upon horseback, still in my abductor's arms, and all night long I was borne away at a rapid speed. At daylight this morning we came upon three men with a tilted wagon. They were friends of my

abductors. I was placed in the wagon, and all day the horses have been pushed forward over the prairie under whip and rowl. I know none of my captors, nor why they are carrying me away, nor where to. I know they are bad men, for I heard them tell you many falsehoods to-night. And before you rode up to camp, they saw you approaching, and Roche warned me that it would be your death-warrant if I made my presence known to you while you were about."

"The infernal scamp!" exclaimed Harry, indignantly.

"So you see, Mr. Houston—"

"Miss Gardette, call me Hawkeye or Harry, if you please. Mister Houston will do when I am in the settlements or city."

The maiden could not repress a smile at the youth's somewhat rude request, and then, having made compliance, she continued:

"So you see, Hawkeye, there is but little hope of my father and brother coming to my rescue, if my abductors' plans have not failed in leading them to believe I was drowned."

Harry made no reply. Far away upon the plain, to their left, he had caught sight of a black, moving mass of something which caused him no little uneasiness. But the object soon flitted from view, like the shadow of a cloud passing over the sun's disk. Still, its disappearance did not relieve the young rescuer of his fears. It might have been a body of mounted Indians that had sunk behind the crest of a prairie wave.

It would have been immaterial to Harry whether it were Indians or not, had he been alone, but now that he was not—that a helpless maiden was trusting to him for safety and protection, he knew it would require every precaution and extra exertion to maintain that trust.

Dismounting, the youth threw himself upon the grass and applied his ear to the earth. He started up. Distinctly he detected the dull thumping of hoofs upon the plain.

The maiden wondered at his movements, and at last a suspicion arose in her mind—a suspicion that her young rescuer had detected some approaching danger.

"Are we in danger, Hawkeye?" she asked.

The youth was surprised at her query. He had hoped to keep the truth of their situation concealed from her, but, seeing she was possessed of more than ordinary courage and decision of mind, he said, as he remounted his animal:

"I'm afraid danger is at hand. A party of horsemen are riding almost directly toward us, and I fear they're Indians. Let us gallop on a little brisker, Miss Gardette."

They urged their animals toward at a pace which soon carried them into a little valley. The moon was nearly down, and the shadow of the ridge to the westward of them wrapped the valley in its mantle of darkness, and afforded the fugitives a temporary shelter.

They drew rein and listened. Plainly they could hear the half-muffled tread of innumerable hoofs upon the grass-covered plain.

"It is Indians," said Harry, in a low tone.

"What makes you think so, Hawkeye?" asked the maiden; "we can not see them."

"If it were white men, the ring and jingle of their trappings would make more noise than their animals' hoofs—Ah! look! there they go!"

True enough, from behind the swell in the plain, three score of horsemen burst suddenly upon their view. As they galloped along the ridge, not over a hundred yards from our young friends, they were plainly outlined against the clear sky. They were Indians; this was a fact readily perceived in the plumed heads and flashing spears, but, in the moonlight, they seemed magnified into beings of colossal stature, and but for the sound made by their animals' hoofs, they would have seemed like so many grim phantoms.

Hawkeye Harry knew at a glance they were on the war-path, and were either heading for the southern settlements, or the country of their red enemies, the Potawatomies; but, in either case, the fears he entertained for the settlers or friendly Indians were nothing compared with his apprehension of being detected in the shadows of the little valley. He scarcely breathed, for fear the acute ears of the warriors would hear him. He knew the least sound would be borne to them.

He felt certain that their forms were so blended with the shadows of the valley as to defy being seen. One thing, however, made him uneasy. The Indians would cross their trail at right-angles, and might discover it. If not, there was a possibility of the Indians passing on without a knowledge of their proximity to the young pale-faces.

It was a moment of fearful suspense and anxiety to the ranger. His fair companion also was in a state of great uncertainty, but she did not comprehend the magnitude of their danger.

Slowly their eyes followed the phantom-like figures along the ridge. Their trail is reached and crossed without discovery.

Hawkeye Harry began to breathe more freely, but, at the last moment, when the danger of discovery seemed past, his horse reared its head and uttered a shrill neigh.

The sound was borne to the keen ears of the warriors, who drew rein so quickly that they seemed to recoil like a wave when it strikes upon the shore. There was no mistaking the direction from whence the sound came, and the next instant the savages were thundering down into the little valley with a yell that was horrifying.

"We're discovered, Miss Gardette," said the youth, in a firm and natural tone; "and now we will have to ride—ride for our lives! Do not despair; we may elude the savages in the woods to the north, if we are not taken before we reach them. Away!"

A low cry of terror pealed from the maiden's lips. Just as they were on the eve of galloping away, a dark form arose from the tall grass, almost under her animal's feet, and sprang upon the beast's back behind her. She felt her form encircled by what she supposed to be a pair of arms, but, in her vain endeavor to break their grasp, she realized, with a feeling akin to terror, that they were hairy, like the arms of a bear.

Hawkeye Harry saw the fearful form leap to the animal's back behind the maiden. He drew a pistol, but, before he could fire, the animal, with its double burden, shot away, like an arrow, over the plain! He followed on in swift pursuit, but he soon found the horse he bestrode was no match for his own clean-limbed animal—that upon which the maiden and her fearful companion were fleeing. But, never despairing,

he lashed the animal to its utmost speed and pressed on in pursuit, while, close behind him came the savages, the earth fairly trembling with their demoniac yells and the thunderous tread of their animals' hoofs.

It was an exciting moment—a wild, fearful midnight chase!

CHAPTER VI. A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

The mustang pony of the Western Indian is more remarkable for endurance than speed. This fact Hawkeye Harry was aware of, and had he been upon his own trusty animal, he would have entertained no fears of being overtaken by the pursuing savages.

As it was, however, he soon found that the horse he bestrode was not a fast runner, and was already jaded by the day's travel. Captivity stared the lad in the face, and in case he was taken, who would rescue the little dark-eyed maiden—Nora Gardette, sweet, pretty Nora—with whose fate his own life seemed so strangely intermingled? All his thoughts went out to her. He thought only of escaping from the Indians for her sake.

Never had he been so strangely impressed before. His interest in strangers had only been passive; now it was active. Boy that he was—a free rover of the prairie—a stranger to the gentler passions of the human heart—he knew not from whence sprung his interest in Nora Gardette—he knew not that his heart was no longer free—that it was enchained by the power of a first love.

Would he ever see her again? The thought that he would strengthened his determination, and he urged his panting beast forward at the top of its speed. But he saw that his efforts to escape the savages were unavailing. The foe were gaining upon him at every bound. If he would escape, it must be effected by stratagem, and he at once decided upon that resort, though, if it succeeded at all, it would be at a fearful risk.

Turning his animal's head slightly to the right, he pressed it rapidly up a gentle slope whose crest brought him out, to the eyes of his pursuers, in bold relief against the sky.

It was the youth's intention to follow this ridge a short distance in full view of the enemy, but, seeing it dipped quickly down into a dark valley, he changed his course and kept straight on over the hill, whose summit soon shut him from view of the enemy. But, as this would be for only a moment, now was the time for him to act. He was riding directly north, and checking his animal suddenly, he dismounted, and then, turning the horse's head directly west, fired a pistol close to its head, and sent it flying away with affright.

The next instant the youth threw himself flat upon the earth in the tall prairie grass.

Just then the Indians gained the summit of the ridge. Their keen eyes saw the fugitive's horse flying westward, at right angles with their previous course, and never dreaming but that the youth was upon the beast, they quickly changed their course and cut straight across the angle. This would give them several rods the advantage, but, by so doing, the crouching form of Harry was saved from being trodden to death, which would have been the case had they followed in the footsteps of the fugitive's horse. As it was, he was left several rods to the right. His stratagem had proven a success—he had cunningly outwitted the foe, and, as he heard their yells and saw their forms fading away into the distance and darkness, he arose to his feet and, with a smile of triumph upon his young face, hurried away northward over the plain.

He knew the fugitive horse could run much faster, now that it was free of a burden and the curbing hand of a rider, and he hoped to gain the timber a short distance north of him, before the savages came up with the horse, and found it bore no rider.

His thoughts, undisturbed by the late danger and excitement, now turned wholly upon Nora Gardette. He shuddered when he recalled to mind the terrible form that leaped on the horse behind her. Yet, he could but think that the form was that of an Indian, or renegade white, clad in the skin of a wild beast.

He had but little difficulty, despite the darkness, in finding the trail of the horse on which the daring captor had fled with the maiden. The grass was trodden down and the hoof-prints deep in the yielding soil, so he was enabled to follow it quite briskly.

He soon came to the timber, where he met with a bitter disappointment. He found that the shadows of the forest rendered it so intensely dark as to make it totally impossible to follow the trail. His only course was to await the coming of day.

This was unfortunate, and would not only serve to increase the distance between him and Nora, but give his enemies behind, on the prairie, a chance to come up with him and endanger his situation. But, then, it was his only course, and he was forced to submit to whatever dangers or disadvantages it would bring upon him.

Selecting a place of security, the youth seated himself to wait, but not to sleep. He was too well posted in the dangers of the woods to let slumber close his eyes at such an hour.

To any one in Harry's situation, the minutes seem prolonged into hours, and impatience becomes agonizing. But the Boy Ranger breathed it through. After weary hours, day dawned, and with the first glimmer of light, he took up the trail.

He was an experienced trapper, and, although the trail was not so plain through the woods as it had been upon the prairie, he experienced no difficulty in following it.

He had journeyed nearly an hour, when he found that the hoof-prints that was following suddenly grew deeper from some cause, and the leaves were torn up, as though the horse had become unmanageable from affright. In looking further, he saw where it had shied suddenly to one side.

What had been the cause of this sudden movement?

The question had scarcely formed in the ranger's mind when his eyes fell upon an object that caused him to start back with a shudder.

It was the body of an Indian, lying upon his back, dead. His head had been scalped, and presented a repulsive sight, all covered with coagulated blood, as was, also, his ghastly face. His shoulders and breast were entirely naked, yet, strange enough, presented no wounds nor injuries. His legs and part of his body were covered with leaves and twigs, and from all appearances he had been slain recently. But who had done the deed?

He was not a Sioux warrior; that, Harry saw at once; but one of the Sacs, a less powerful tribe, which, at this time, was at

war with, not only the white man, but all the neighboring tribes.

If he had been slain by a white enemy, then Harry had nothing to fear, but if by a Sioux it was evidence at once that he had enemies before him to contend with, and who were, in all probability, on the same trail that he was following.

Not wishing, however, to lose time in making further investigations as to the enemy that slew the Sac warrior, the Boy Ranger moved on.

He had gone but a few steps apast the body, when some unknown power caused him to glance back over his shoulder.

He started with a shudder as he did so. To his horror he saw the supposed dead Indian rise quickly to his feet, and from under the leaves draw a tomahawk which he raised aloft and hurled at his head—all within a second's time.

Had the youth made this discovery a second later, the tomahawk would have been buried in his brain; but, in turning his head, it was thrown slightly to one side just as the weapon whizzed by.

The cunning red-skin had not calculated upon making any failure in braining the youth, but the instant he saw he had failed, he turned and took to his heels. But the youth quickly brought his rifle to face, and glancing along the barrel, fired.

The quick up-throwing of the arms, and the yell of agony that followed, told that Hawkeye Harry's aim had been fatal.

Making up to the body of the fallen foe, he saw that his bullet had pierced the head, just above the ear, and in noting this he also noticed that the savage had actually survived the torture of a scalping-knife! But it had not been done lately. The wound was healed over, and the blood upon the bald crown had been put there to deceive our hero, no doubt, for it made it appear as though the scalp had been recently removed.

The trick worked well, and almost fatally to Hawkeye Harry. But the whole affair convinced him that the savage had been expecting him along the trail of Nora's captor; and if such was the case, then the savage was a companion to the maiden's abductor, and both were prowling Sac warriors. And it might be that a large party of them were not far away, so he considered it prudent to get away from that spot as soon as possible, for the report of his rifle might attract danger. He again took up the trail and pressed on, though exercising extreme caution.

The trail, he found, had changed in course until it now bore directly toward the Boyer river, and as he continued on, he suddenly heard the faint neigh of a horse in his advance. He felt satisfied that it was that of his own horse, and that he was nearing the object of his pursuit.

A few minutes' walk brought him in sight of the river, and just before him, on the bank, he saw his own animal standing hitched.

He could see no one about it, yet he knew, from the horse's action, that all was not right.

Keeping around to the left, Harry reached the river bank, several rods below the horse. Here he paused to make further investigations. He scanned the undergrowth to the right and beyond the bank, but he saw nothing of the sort. He then ran his eyes along the edge of the river, and as he did so he could scarcely repress a cry of joy; for, through a small opening in the shrubbery that lined the shore, he caught the flutter of something red. He was satisfied it was the crimson shawl worn by Nora Gardette.

Creeeping to a more commanding point, he found that he was correct.

Seated in a small bark canoe, and apparently waiting for something or some one, he saw Nora and her captor. There was no mistaking Nora's beautiful crimson shawl. She sat with her back toward Harry, with her form enveloped in the ample folds of her shawl, which was also drawn, hood-like, over her head, as a protection, probably, against the heavy mist that hung along the river. The savage's head, face and form were enveloped in a similar manner, in a black, hairy robe, made of a bear's skin. Neither his face nor hands could be seen; yet the young trapper was satisfied that he was an Indian, and that he was waiting the return of the one he had slain in the forest, and who was, in all probability, to take the horse, while the other proceeded with the maiden, by water, to the village of the tribe, many leagues down the river.

"But, I'll spoil their fun," mused our hero, seeing what an easy matter it would be to rescue Nora. "I think a bullet-hole through that bear-skin and the tufted head under it will quiet the nerves of that cunning cuss."

As he concluded, he raised his trusty rifle, and, bringing it to bear upon the bear-skin about where he supposed the Indian's head to be, he glanced along the polished barrel and pressed the trigger.

Clear upon the morning air the report of the piece rung out, followed by a scream of agony—the piercing scream of a woman!

Without waiting to see what had been the effect of his shot, he rushed from his covert and approached the point where the canoe lay. As he did so, what was his horror on beholding the maiden's crimson shawl thrown aside from the head and shoulders of an Indian warrior, who leaped ashore and fled away into the woods. And there, in the bottom of the canoe, upon the bear-skin, which had fallen from her head and shoulders, lay the lifeless form of Nora Gardette, with the crimson tide of life welling from a bullet-hole in the forehead!

"My God, what a fatal mistake!" burst in agony from the trapper boy's lips. "I have slain her! Oh, Nora! Nora! I speak to me—tell me it is not so!"

But Nora's voice was hushed.

The half-distracted youth sprang into the canoe, and lifting her form in his arms, pillowed her head upon his aching breast.

Then he grew sick at heart, the cold sweat started from every pore, for he knew that he held in his arms a lifeless form!

CHAPTER VII.

HENRI ROCHE IN A RAGE.

HENRI ROCHE and party slept on.

They had gone to sleep with a double assurance that no danger would be visited upon them; and believing that they had succeeded effectually in deceiving Hawkeye Harry in regard to the contents of the wagon, they felt no uneasiness from this source. But, in this, they underrated the mature judgment and keen instinct of the young trapper, and as the hours wore on, Roche was suddenly aroused from his slumber by a faint yell, and the uneasy snorting of the animals corralled near.

He arose to a sitting posture and listened. Far away upon the plain he could hear the prolonged yell of Indians, and the dull, vibratory thump of hoofs upon the earth.

What did it mean? The villain—for such in fact Henri Roche was—sprang to his feet and started out toward the edge of the grove, where he supposed Hawkeye Harry was on guard, but, in passing the wagon, his attention was attracted by a black rent in the white tilt, and, upon examination, he found it was a slit that had been cut with a keen-edged knife.

An exclamation of surprise burst from his plumed lips as he thrust his head and shoulders into the wagon, and, upon feeling about with his hands, found that his captive maiden was gone.

A fearful oath followed this discovery, and turning away in a paroxysm of rage, he proceeded to his companions, and, arousing them, made known the escape of the maiden.

The next moment all were on foot, and a hasty investigation revealed to them the fact that Hawkeye Harry was gone also.

Roche fairly danced with rage and baffled triumph, and cursed his stupidity for ever permitting the young ranger to enter their camp alive. And his indignation and fury knew no bounds when the word came that one of their most valuable horses was gone.

"We're a set of infernal fools!" he finally broke forth, "to have ever permitted that boy to enter our camp. It's very probable that we'll never see that girl again; and the loss of her is a good five thousand dollars out of our pockets!"

"Too durned bad, captain," returned a companion, "but that boy is sharper than tack, or my name ain't Billy George."

"Sharp? Humph!" sneered Roche, savagely; "that don't half express the shrewdness and cunning of the little dare-devil. I'm satisfied now that he mistrusted us the moment he set foot inside our camp."

"Wal, wal, it's too bad, too bad," said George.

"Yes," returned Roche; "but talking about it will do no good now. We've got to act. I hear the yelling of Indians on the prairie to the north. It may be a party of Sioux, and if so, we'll have nothing to fear from them. And it might be such a thing as the boy and girl having fled in that direction, and the Indians have discovered them and given chase. Here," turning to one of his companions, he continued, "you may as well lay aside your mask, Ulric Dubois, for it will avail you nothing now, and look up the trail of the fugitives, and let us endeavor to follow them."

Ulric Dubois, the scout and guide of the outlaw travelers, threw aside a wig of grizzly hair and a mask of bushy whiskers, revealing a smooth and boyish face, which was possessed of some outward signs of recklessness, cunning and rascality.

With rifle in hand the guide moved away, and was absent several minutes. When he returned, he said:

"They have gone north, captain."

"Good!" exclaimed Roche; "then we stand a fair chance of recovering the girl, for I'll guarantee those Indians are a party of Sioux belonging to Gray Hawk, or Black Buffalo's band, and that they are in pursuit of the fugitives. But let us mount and be off. Two of the party will have to remain behind and guard the wagon, as there are not horses for all to ride."

Four of the party, including Henri Roche, were soon in the saddle and galloping northward over the prairie, shaping their course directly toward the yelling Indians. They did not attempt to follow the trail of the fugitives, feeling satisfied that the savages were in pursuit of them; and if the red-skins were Sioux, they were the friends and allies of Roche and his party.

Continuing on a few miles, the outlaws discovered that the Indians were coming toward them. They drew rein and gazed away into the gloom ahead.

Suddenly a black, surging mass of galloping horsemen swept into view on the crest of a gentle swell in the plain. For a moment they seemed to float like a black cloud along the summit of the ridge; then they came to a sudden halt and gathered in a knot where they could be plainly seen by the outlaws. They stood in bold relief against the blue, starry sky.

Yell after yell pealed from the lips of the Indians—for such the horsemen were—but they were yells of baffled triumph and growing indignation.

"By Judas!" exclaimed Henri Roche, "they are Indians, and Sioux at that; but I'm afraid the fugitives have given them the slip, for those yells denote defeat. I will make known our presence, and then join them."

Roche uttered two or three sharp bark in exact imitation of the coyote's, and which showed that he was not unused to the signs and signals of the prairie and Indians.

The sound was borne to the keen ears of the savages, for immediately there came a response—a cry resembling the wild shriek of a night-bird.

"Advance, boys," said Roche, spurring his animal forward. "It's all right—it's Black Buffalo and his warriors."

They rode forward, and were soon surrounded by three-score of painted and plumed Sioux warriors, armed with tomahawks and lances.

Black Buffalo, the chief of the band, advanced and addressed the outlaws in the Sioux tongue:

"Who is it that bailes the Sioux with the signals of friends and the skin of the pale-face?"

"Your friend, White Chief, and his men," responded Henri Roche, in the dialect of the Indian.

A shout of welcome pealed from the savages' lips, and spurring his pony up alongside of Roche's animal, Black Buffalo said:

"Black Buffalo and his warriors are pleased to meet the White Chief and his men. He missed them long, and anxiously waited his coming from the country of the pale-faces."

"And I'm glad to meet you, chief," replied Roche. "We've had bad luck to-night, and want you to help us out again."

"Black Buffalo is the friend of the White Chief. Let him ask, and he shall receive."

"That's you, chief," replied Roche, in a flattering manner; "you are a whole-souled fellow, and always ready to help a friend. Well, to-night that young trapper whom they call Hawkeye came to our camp and stole a white girl from our wagon, and a horse from our corral, and ran off with them both."

"Is that the animal?" the chief asked, pointing to a riderless horse in their midst. Roche scanned the beast, and replied:

"It is our horse. Where did you come across him?"

"Right here," replied the chief; "but when we first started in pursuit, there was a rider upon him that we took to be the young Hawkeye. But he was cunning, and escaped us like the fox when closely pressed by the hound."

"Yes, chief, you are right. It was Hawkeye, and for his scalp, and the safe return of the maiden that he stole from our camp, I will give you many beads and knives, and much powder and whisky."

"Black Buffalo," returned the chief, "hears the offer of the White Chief. He will bring him the scalp of the Hawkeye, and the maiden, unharmed, before two more suns go down. But not until the night is gone will he begin the search for the maiden and the cunning trapper."

"Then come to our camp and spend the night. It is but a short ride to it," said Roche.

The chief accepted the invitation, and when the bivouac was reached, they all dismounted, and, corralling their animals on the prairie, entered the grove. A fire was soon lighted, and then the warriors gathered around it. The light showed them to be a grim, fierce band, rendered hideous by war-paint.

By daybreak the savages and outlaws were moving northward over the plain in two detachments—Black Buffalo leading the first party and following the trail of the fugitives, while Roche and his party, with a few Indians, followed on with the tilted wagon.

But the outlaw did not follow the chief far. He soon changed his course and bore to the right, and after journeying several miles, entered a strip of timber skirting the Boyer river, which they reached about noon.

Here they halted to rest, and Roche decided to abandon the wagon.

"But what'll we do with the chest, captain?" asked one, in a low tone, as if fearing to be overheard.

"We'll have to bury it, and conceal the spot by burning the wagon over it, for, if we should lose that chest and its contents—Well, you know all about it."

"Certainly! certainly!" responded the outlaw.

"Then let us to work. If we should take the wagon to the valley with us, it would leave a broad trail for an enemy to follow."

The party set to work in the soft, dry ground, and they soon scooped out a large hole.

Then they took from the wagon a large, iron-bound chest, which required four men to convey it to the hole, into which it was deposited and carefully covered. The turf then being replaced, the wagon was taken to pieces and piled in a heap over the spot.

The vehicle was then set on fire, and in less than an hour it was a heap of red coals and ashes, with the exception of the irons. These were raked from the coals and thrown into the river; and thus every part of the wagon was destroyed.

The party now mounted, and turning to the north-east, resumed the journey up the river.

It wanted two hours of sunset, when Roche suddenly drew rein at the mouth of a little stream that emptied into the Boyer.

"Here is the place," he exclaimed, "where we are to encamp—the place where Black Buffalo promised to join us."

The party dismounted, picketed their animals to grass in a little valley hard by, and went into camp.

Anxiously awaiting Black Buffalo's return, Roche grew very restless, and finally, slinging his rifle across his shoulder, he wandered off into the woods. He had traveled, in a roundabout way, over a mile from camp, when he detected the fumes of smoke in the atmosphere, and then started as he saw a thin, rarefied column of white smoke rising above the tree-tops a short distance before him. He crept cautiously forward to reconnoiter; but he found neither campers nor camp-fire!

To assure himself that he was not mistaken, he looked for the smoke again. He saw it rising above the top of a large bass-wood, but, searching beneath the tree, not the spark of a fire could he find.

It was a mystery to him—the same that had so puzzled Hawkeye Harry an evening or two before.

Roche was a wicked man, and although a little superstitious and cowardly, he searched for the agency of that smoke, but could find nothing.

At last he gave it up in no little perplexity of mind, and turning, began retracing his footsteps toward his camp, but suddenly stopped.

Something like a human groan startled him. He bent his head and listened; and then to his hearing came the imploring cry:

"Roche! Henri Roche! in the name of God, come here!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 116.)

Marriage Maxims.—The following marriage maxims are worthy of more than a hasty reading. Husbands need not pass them by, for they are designed for wives; and wives should not despise them, for they are addressed to husbands.

The very nearest approach to domestic happiness on earth is in the cultivation on both sides of absolute unselfishness.

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.

Never both get angry at once.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Let each one strive to yield oftentimes to the wishes of the other.

Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed, and always speak lovingly.

Never taunt with a past mistake.

Neglect the whole world besides, rather than one another.

Never make a remark at the expense of each other; it is a meanness.

Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence.

Never meet without a loving welcome.

Never let the sun go down upon any anger or grievance.

Never let any fault you have committed go until you have frankly confessed it, and asked forgiveness.

Never forget the happy hours of early love.

Never sigh over what might have been, but make the best of what is.

Never forget that marriage is ordained of God, and that His blessing alone can make it what it should be.

A PLEDGE TO BEAUTY.

BY HAP HAZARD.

Fill high the chalice!
Quaff the blushing wine!
Nor Hebe's self bore
Nectar more divine!

Fill! Fill to Beauty!
In her satin cheek
May blushes mantle;
Witching glances seek
An habitation
Nearer her drooping lash;
Her red lips cover
Teeth that whitely flash
Like pearls within a
Danish rose's heart;
Her tender ringlets
Scorn constraints of art,
And flow in wanton
Freedom from her waist,
With fragrant garlands,
Gemm'd with dewdrops, graced.
Her form in litheness
Shame the willow sway'd,
And in its beatitudes
Moulding be displayed
All Nature's cunning;
Light as air her tread,
When flying feet the
Dance's mazes thread;
Her voice, the blending
Of all Earth and Heaven
Of soul entrancing
Harmony have given,
To thrilling harp-strings
Breathe ecstatic strains,
While young blood courses
Madly through the veins!
Thine! This our pledge is—
Beauty's queen divine!
Fill high the chalice!
Quaff the blushing wine!

Hercules, the Hunchback:
OR,
The Fire-Fiends of Chicago.

A REVELATION OF THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALESMAN," "HOODWINKED,"
"BLACK CHRESENT," "BLACK HAND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

INVEIGILING AN ENEMY.

It was when the Indian crone cried out the relationship existing between Zed and Trux that the loud summons of the Hunchback at the front door rung through the house, and startled the occupants of the upper rooms by its suddenness and force.

And it was in the same moment there came another sound from the yard, at the back, which told that the large dog was sorely beset by enemies.

There was no time now for explanation in answer to the surprised exclamation which died, unfinished, on Trux's lips; danger at front and back was the first feeling in the woman, as she released the boy and returned, hastily, to the next room.

"What now?" inquired Jose, in suppressed tones. "Who can that be? Do you have people calling for medicine at this hour?—it is high midnight."

"Satan himself!" growled Miguel, ceasing to stir the liquid, and listening with the others. "He has come to taste this stuff, as I live!"

"And somebody is fighting with Pet! Did you hear the shot?" she uttered, breathlessly.

"A shot—a shot—is a snap of the devil's jaws!" declared Miguel.

"But see who it is, or they will break the door down," said Jose; and he added, as she crossed the room and raised the window-sash, "be careful how you show yourself. There are men at riot to-night, and you may get hurt."

"Who's there?" she put, with shrill bluntness, peering over the sill at the solitary form.

"What passed we have seen."

When the Indian woman slammed down the sash, she faced the men with widened eyes and peculiar look.

"You would not guess who it is!" scarce above her breath.

"Who?"

"The Hunchback!"

"What?"

"Hercules, the Hunchback! He is on the steps."

The announcement was so unexpected that Miguel dropped the ladle, and stared, half in amazement, half in terror.

Jose started up, to the edge of his bed.

"You jest, Lala?"

"The Hunchback is here! He wants admittance. And I shall let him in!"

"Bh? No! don't let him in!" spluttered Miguel. "We shall all be strangled! *Cosita!* what a fix! Captain, tell her to keep him out!"

"I shall let him in," repeated the woman, while an ominous gleam came into her eyes.

Jose understood her. Immediately he said:

"Yes—let him in," and his own eyes glittered devilishly.

"Are you strong enough to aid?"

"Yes."

"Captain! Miguel stammered, fearfully, 'we are dead men!'"

"Silence, fool! Lala, go on."

She hurried from the room.

"Captain, your wound has made you mad!"

"Nerve yourself to aid, if there should be need of your arm." Jose arose, steadied himself, then walked firmly forward as he spoke.

Miguel stared the more; his lower jaw fell; he entirely forgot the hissing and spitting of the boiling, bubbling, steaming mass in the pan.

"Aid! Aid in what?"

"A fight, perhaps."

"Fight! Fight who?—Hercules!"

"Ay, Hercules. We shall capture him."

The idea of capturing the Hunchback seemed, to Miguel, preposterous. For several seconds he was at a loss for speech; then he blurted out:

"By the nose of Beelzebub! you don't mean it? The fellow will eat us up! He can whip a mountain, and is more savage than the wild tiger! Let me be out of this!"

He made a movement to dash off; but Jose gripped the bulky coward by his coat lapel, and hurled him back.

"Sheep!" sneered Jose.

"Not a sheep, but a lion in chains! Oh, captain! let us fly! I am not afraid—not I!—but the smell of that 'curst fluid has turned my stomach till I am helpless as a cat! You can match him!"

"Silence!" Jose interrupted, raising a hand warningly, as he heard the woman opening the door, then caught the harsh challenge with which she met this intruder.

Hercules grasped the boy tighter as he turned to meet the expected attack.

But there was no one to dare his ready front, and he asked:

"How now, child? Where have you been? What has happened you?"

Before Carl could answer, the Indian woman said:

"You have come to my house like a man who has lost his brains! What do you seek? Finish your business and begone."

She had hurriedly placed a hood over her head, as she moved along the hall to admit him, and this she kept pulled well forward over her face, to hide her identity; for, had Hercules once suspected with whom he was dealing, even his anxiety to find Lu could not have drawn him into that dwelling.

To her words, he replied, sharply:

"I am told that a negress entered this house. If it be true, and she is still here, I would see her."

"I shall tell you nothing."

"You defy my nature?"

"What you please. If there is aught here you have a right to find, then look for it—if you dare."

"If I dare?"

"Yes. You are a bully and a coward, for you try to frighten me. Now, if you want any thing, hunt it out—come."

For a second he regarded her keenly. But the shade of the hood was effectual; he could scarce see any thing but a pair of eyes that sparkled defiantly.

"I don't like her!" whispered Carl, timidly.

"Hush, boy; there is no danger from her. We'll search the house. By my soul! I think this is a wicked den; and if Lu entered here, like enough she has been foully dealt with."

"Why don't you come on?" exclaimed the woman, sneeringly, as she retreated at a slow pace backward; then turned quickly when beneath the entry light, to prevent the rays falling on her face.

The dwarf was not one to be turned aside by such a reception. The interior of the house was before him; he had resolved to find Lu, who, he now felt convinced, was here; and, moreover, he was impelled by a sudden, involuntary curiosity to see that woman's face—an unexplainable something told him he had known her in past associations.

Closing the door, he advanced. After a glance into the two parlors, he continued on.

Carl was now silent. The little fellow felt safe in those strong arms.

As Hercules ascended the stairs, he paused abruptly amid way.

At the landing there was a turn; opposite this turn was a window; and he had seen a face pressed close against the panes, looking straight at him.

It was only visible for a second; vanished quicker than it had appeared.

Little Carl saw it, too, and he pointed to it.

While Hercules stood still, the voice of the crone came from above:

"Come—come—come. You are a coward, after all! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Perdition catch that woman! She shall not intimidate me—and I will see her face, yet; for I believe I know her."

He started forward, and reached the hall in the second story. But here he paused a second time.

He heard a low, musical voice singing in a room to his left, an air that was weird and fascinating; but it stopped suddenly, and was followed by a strange, wild laugh that almost caused his blood to curdle.

At that juncture, too, the window behind him raised a little, and another voice squealed, with penetrating sharpness:

"Look out, there, you!"—cut short by the bang of the sash as it fell.

"Woman, halt!" he cried. "What sort of place is this? Are you a witch?—keeper of a mad-house?"

But she disappeared into the front room on the left, saying:

"Come on—come on; you are a coward, after all! Ha! ha! ha!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

A LITTLE LIGHT ON OUR PLOT.

By good fortune the house into which Mortimer Gascon had been conveyed was occupied by two families—one of these a young physician, just embarking in his profession, and wisely living in an economical way, with wife and child.

The doctor was poring over the pages of a medical volume, when some one tapped at the door.

"Who's there?" carelessly.

"You're wanted down stairs."

"Wanted, eh?" absently, and without rising.

"Yes. Come quick—there's a gentleman in a dying condition."

"A gentleman in a dying condition!" closing the book with a clasp; and opening the door in a hurry, he asked: "Why didn't you say so? make haste, then."

The woman led the way down stairs.

He was soon bending over the invalid, feeling the pulse, looking grave, asking questions.

"Been sick, hasn't he?"

"Quite so," replied Zed.

"Um! Nervous prostration—thin blood—too much excitement. Some wine, madam; quickly!" to one of the females who stood near, awed by his professional gravity, and the fierce bristle of a struggling goat.

When Gascon had drunk of the wine, he felt stronger, and when the nervous young man had gotten at the patient's precise condition, very comfortable arrangements were soon perfected.

Gascon was removed to a room up stairs, and he and Zed were left alone to await the return of the Hunchback.

"I fear you have undergone too great a trial to-night," Zed said, solicitously, as she drew a chair near to his bedside.

"I feel better now. These people are very kind."

"Would it not be better for you to try and get some sleep?"

"No. I can not sleep, though I know the doctor gave me something to produce it."

He was looking steadily at her. She had removed the cape from her head, now, and Mortimer Gascon was riveted in his gaze into the bright orbs that shone in the eyelids of the mask.

"You are a strange girl," he said, presently, in a slow, thoughtful way.

"Am I?"

"Why do you wear a mask? I know you must be beautiful."

"I have reasons."

"What are they?"

"That I can not tell you."

"But I wish you would," he interrupted.

"Let me see your face."

"I can not. Won't you go to sleep?"

"I could not sleep if I tried. Take off the mask, and let me see your face."

"Have I not already told you, it is best you should not?"

"Yet, I am not satisfied."

There was a long pause. Zed appeared to be thinking deeply—and she was. Her mind was wandering back over the scenes of the past few hours, but dwelt not on her conversation with the invalid.

And, all along, his eyes bent fixedly on that screening mask.

"Come," he said, at length, "will you grant what I ask?"

She started.

"No. Impossible."

"Have I ever met you, when the mask did not hide your features?"

"No"—after a second.

A slight shade of disappointment fell on his face, for, besides a desire to know why she wore a mask, he had hoped that he knew her at some period previous; this hope natural, when finding that she was interested in his welfare.

Another pause ensued. But Zed was not long left to silent meditations, for Gascon questioned her again:

"Tell me, at least, why you and Hercules have taken so great an interest in me?"

"It is not important."

"There must become especial satisfaction in saving me from the abominable hatred of an ungrateful nephew."

"Mortimer Gascon"—looking up from a moment's gaze at the carpet—"can tell you something to astonish you. Will you swear to me that, if I divulge certain secrets, you will never speak, hint at, write or make known in any way that which I confide?"

"I swear it!" he assented, not a little surprised at her earnestness.

"Prepare, then, for a shock. You have been terribly deceived."

"Deceived?"

"The Evard Greville, living near Union Park, is not your nephew."

"What?"

"There has been a strange, strange plot progressing in this city, of late years, one fraught with crime—ay, murder."

His surprise deepened. He said nothing, but looked wonderingly at her.

"It is not the true Evard Greville," she pursued. "His real name is Carl Grand. Stop—listen; nor is the Hermoine Greville, now living with him, his sister—she is a mere adventuress, and her name is Della Rivers."

"Girl!—what's this?"

"Wait. I am resolved to tell you more—yes, I will tell you all."

"Go on—quickly."

It was years ago, a little cottage nestled among trees and roses, on the outskirts of this very city. In the cottage lived a negress, with her child. The child was a Quadroon—not her own, but adopted by her. She nursed and cared for the waif, until it was verging on womanhood, when there came a man to the house who saw, admired, loved the beautiful girl. This man was half white, half Indian; was working successfully in the routine of civilization, and was rapidly accumulating wealth. By presents, kindness and close attentions, he won the favor of the Quadroon to marry him, and the two started new in life together, very happily. He called his wife "Rose-Lip."

Residing near by to this cottage was a married man, of wicked temper and devilish by nature, by name Burt Grand. He had long had his eyes on the lovely Quadroon, for an evil purpose; and when he saw her become the wife of the Indian, he was enraged, for she was now protected against his wiles. He deceived his wife into believing that the Indian had done him some great wrong, and that now, to avenge him, he resolved to wreak vengeance on the inoffensive man—for she was wicked at heart, like her husband.

"They did not go to work at once, but waited until the married couple were blessed with two children, a girl and boy, the first the oldest."

"One night the Quadroon was in the nursery, with her two children, when two stealthy forms entered the room, and stabbed her in the back. She was not killed at once; cried loudly for help. The husband came running to the scene, but, before he could blow that knocked him senseless."

"The victim to this foul plot eventually died. But John Lisle, the Indian, had other enemies. There was a previous suitor for the hand of the Quadroon—a mulatto, dwarfed, and horribly deformed, who was known to many as Hercules, the Hunchback. This hunchback hovered persistently around, ever after the hour of his rejection; and when Burt Grand and his wife stabbed the Quadroon, he was outside the window, on a balcony used to snuff flowers. He saw the perpetration of the crime. He saw the murdered wife, and he knew that the blood on the walls indicated might not prove fatal; and Satan entered his heart, for he resolved to finish what had been half done. He sprang forward into the room, and, while John Lisle lay insensible in the doorway, stooped to draw out the knife, which remained protruding where the fiends had struck. While his hand was upon the hilt, and ere he could deal a blow, the mother of John Lisle, whose name was Lala, gave her presence to the tableau, and recognized him. Hercules fled."

"When John Lisle bent to catch the last words of his murdered wife, he learned who the Hunchback was. Lala declared that it was the Hunchback; but, the Quadroon—who had swooned at the time—had not seen Hercules; nor had John Lisle seen him. But he did see the man who struck him down—Burt Grand; and he swore to exact a terrible penalty of the two wretches. Lala, however, maintained that the door of the deed was Hercules, and vowed to seek his life."

"John Lisle began action on his oath, within twenty-four hours after the death of his wife; but it was years before he accomplished any thing. The guilty wretches vanished from the neighborhood of their crime, and so cunningly did they manage, that the shrewdest detectives were defeated. John Lisle, though, was hounding on their track—an avenger who could not be deceived by false trails and artful maneuvers."

"It was in New Orleans he overtook them, and, almost immediately, Burt Grand paid penalty with death. A quick, mysterious death it was, for no one could discover what was the cause."

"Let me tell you, here, I am the daughter of John Lisle—Trux, whom you saw to-night, is the son. The boy does not know, however, that I am his sister, and I will explain presently how that happens."

"I was quite a large girl when my father struck out the life of Burt Grand. Burt Grand's wife soon followed; but he had to accomplish this second act of vengeance in a different way. He shot her through a window, from an elevated porch, while she sat reading. Her son, Carl Grand, was in the room at the time. When my father fired, he leaped to the ground, in haste to escape, for the household was aroused in an instant. In that leap he injured himself so badly as to die in a few days."

"When we left Chicago to pursue the man and woman, I was the only companion of my father. After his death, I was alone—in a strange city. I learned of every thing that had transpired, and, young as I was, I saw that, if I would keep the law from sifting the matter, and ruining me, something must be done to throw suspicion in another direction."

"I had noticed that the son, Carl Grand, had an intimate friend whose name was Evard Greville. The two young men resembled each other very closely. The wounded and dying woman was lingering her last day of life out, when I wrote a note, and signed the name of Evard Greville. The note read simply: 'I did it.' Fate was with me in the hasty act. My hand was rather masculine; the chirography was like Greville's; and, more than all, Carl Grand had had a quarrel with his friend, on the night previous."

"The conclusion arrived at was, that the shot was meant for Carl Grand. This note was never made public, and the death of the victim of John Lisle was shrouded in mystery. Carl Grand was drawn to his mother's bedside, ere she breathed her last, and made to swear that he would exterminate the whole line of Grevilles; and, to add to the solemnity of the oath, a pistol-bullet wound was inflicted on the palm of his right hand, that the scar might serve as a constant reminder."

"Go on! Go on!" exclaimed Mortimer Gascon, as he listened, in breathless amazement, to the strange recital of the masked girl.

Zed had paused, as if she were striving to remember a good way ahead, before proceeding further with her narrative.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN THE TRAP.

The huge dog, Pet, as he lay with his muzzle pressed against the cellar-door, waiting for another chance at the woman who had escaped him, was suddenly hurled over on his back.

Jack Willis and the negress had dashed up with unexpected quickness, and were fairly in the yard, before their foe could regain his feet.

Then the negress issued an angry baying howl from the red, frothing throat, and, with jaws yawning, and fang-teeth glistening, the ferocious brute launched itself upon them.

Bang! went the revolver; and the animal, doubly enraged by the sting of a dangerous wound, yelped with pain as it sprang through the air full onto the detective.

"Help, here!" shouted Willis, as he grasped the gaunt form, midway, by the throat, and, with a superhuman dexterity, sent it rolling over on its ground.

The negress was not idle. In the cellar she had found a barrel-stave; and with this she met the second spring of the dog, as he renewed the attack, snapping, snarling, and bent on tearing them to pieces.

The revolver cracked again.

Thud! thud! thud! thud! fell the stave on the shaggy head.

Pet sunk to his knees, with glaring eyes—still doing battle with his enemies, and seeming to feel that his mistress would, ere many seconds more, come to his assistance.

But no aid came. His back was broken; the blood oozed from those fatal bullet-wounds; he was fast sinking. Yet he fought on, dragging himself hither and thither, frenzied in the madness of defeat and expiring life—for his two antagonists belabored him mercilessly, until, with one final snap at the detective, the brave thing went down, glaring defiantly at them from the dim, glassy eyes.

It had not taken long to end the scene; and now they turned away from the stiffening form, to attend to other matters.

Jack Willis uttered an exclamation, as he glanced across the yard.

Along one side of the high board fence lay a ladder.

They were in luck.

This ladder they had, in a few seconds, placed against the roof-edge of the one-story building, and in a few more the detective was at the window overlooking the stairway—Lu following closely.

"Hist!" he exclaimed; "stoop down—they're coming up stairs."

But Lu cast a cautious glance through the panes, and her heart gave a great thump as she saw Hercules, with the boy in his arms.

She was for entering at once, but Willis held her back.

"Hold on!" he said; "let's see what's up, first. Hear the old witch—she's calling him."

They stooped low beneath the sill as Hercules passed on; and when his shadow moved away, Willis ventured another scrutiny of the interior.

He saw the Hunchback pause, hesitating, on the second floor; and it was he who called out warningly to the man who was being led into a trap.

Hercules started forward again, as the voice of the Indian woman came from the room wherein she had disappeared.

Little Carl clung closer to him.

When the Hunchback reached the doorway he paused and looked ahead.

The room was bare of every thing. Between the panes of the only window, and its closed shutter, his quick eye caught sight of iron bars, and instantly he suspected foul play.

He would have retreated; already he was conscious of danger, for he saw in that hasty glance that the woman had vanished by some means known only to herself.

But the crone and her accomplices worked well together.

An ax-like blow fell on the neck of the hesitating man, knocking him forward on his face.

The frightened cry of Carl, as he saw a silent figure glide swift and menacingly from the opposite room, was not in time to warn of the foe in the rear.

And Jose Morone uttered an oath of savage gloom as he pulled the massive door shut and turned the key in the lock.

At the same moment there was a faint, hollow, threatening voice, seeming to issue

from the wall of the prison apartment, crying:

"You're caught! You're caught! Hercules—murderer!—you are in the power of Lala, the mother of John Lisle! Remember the Rose-Lip, and tremble for yourself! Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 110.)

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Mr. Aiken's New Story!

To commence in No. 119 of the JOURNAL, Mr. Albert W. Aiken's new serial romance, viz.:

ROYAL KEENE, THE CALIFORNIA DETECTIVE; OR, The Witches of New York.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
WHO WRITES ONLY FOR THE SATURDAY JOURNAL.

A story of four girls' lives; scene laid in the Great Metropolis; and developing, in its narrative, a startlingly real picture of life here, in its several phases—of which each girl is a type, viz.: Coralie York, the actress, the "Witch" of the Stage; Clara Van Rensselaer, the Fifth Avenue belle, the "Witch" of Society; Katie Blake, better known as Made-moiselle Heloise, the "French" danseuse, the "Witch" of the Ballet Troupe; Jennie Allen, the red-headed "Witch" of the Water street Dance-house, where poor "Jack" is decoyed to ruin.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—Mrs. P. P. G. wants to know what she shall do for a living. She can not write successfully for the press, and, having learned no trade or occupation, is in a great quandary to know what to do, and says: "In my despair I shall, I suppose, have to marry again, as soon as possible." The avenues for woman's labor are so numerous that we see no reason for "despair." A woman can now "keep shop," clerk, teach, operate the typewriter, nurse, report for the press, design patterns, engrave, bind books, practice medicine—in fact can adopt almost any employ for which she is fitted; so there is no need for dismay. But—let us wager a rosette on the guess—we guess that she rather profess the "despair," if it will cover the retreat to Arcady!

"Three Sisters" wish to know what is the best way to spend the \$1,000 which each one has received as a legacy. We should say, invest it securely and only spend the interest. Or, if by combining the sums, a good piece of property can be purchased which will bring in a good return, use the money in that manner. In any event don't spend the principal on trifles or perishables. If it is to be spent and enjoyed, however, a trip to Europe will give the best satisfaction. Well economized, the amount named will keep each one abroad six months.

The Right Spirit.—A contributor who not infrequently finds his contributions placed upon the rejected list, writes: "I hope you will be strict in supervising all I send you, as I deem your criticisms, expressed or implied, very valuable to a young writer," thus betraying the same spirit toward the editor which the earnest student entertains for his mentor, or the same feeling which the tourist and adventurer has for his guide, who knows every cranny, crag and crowning height in the region of mazes and labyrinths.

What constitutes a serious drawback to the literary success of many a person possessed of true auroral talent is that silly egotism which grows insensible under criticism or impatient under suggestion; and some of our most unpleasant experiences have grown out of these criticisms or suggestions, made solely for the author's own interest, since to us it must be a matter of indifference whether the author writes or refuses to write. And we have yet to see the first instance of success coming to one of these egotists as a consequence of this self-assertion and mental arrogance. On the contrary, as the best scholars are those who listen most patiently to instructors, so in literature those make the best record who, accepting the suggestions and dicta of editors, strive to render succeeding compositions more perfect and impressive.

Editors can have no personal likes or dislikes to gratify in considering a manuscript; they judge the effort *per se*—look at it with the clear, inexorable eye of those skilled in detecting all faults and merits; and when they say "No!" it is simply the verdict of a judgment which is usually correct in its estimate. Hence, any impatience at this decision, or expressed distrust of the editor's capacity or honesty, is equally an injury to his feelings and an insult to his office as a literary purveyor.

MR. MATTER-OF-FACT.

I don't like him, and I don't believe I ever shall. Of course I mean the gentleman whose name heads this article. It may be, because I have a little bit of romance in my composition, that I don't fancy matter-of-fact people. I admire—yes, and love—flowers, and go into ecstasies over the sweet little May blossoms that dot the fields and look like the harbingers of summer. Whenever I see them, I exclaim: "Is not this a perfect Eden?" "Not a bit like it," responds Mr. Matter-of-fact; "Eden was a mightier warmer climate than your wintry Maine." Then away goes all my nice little romance.

Far, far away from here I wandered once, and came across some ruins. I was in my element then; I was romantic, and on those ruins I bent my gaze. I've a habit of uttering my thoughts aloud. Well, I thought, these might be the ruins of some house of prayer, where many a life-traveler had listened to the words of hope and comfort. Mayhap some reprobate had here been turned from his evil ways and was

now blessing the day when he entered this sanctuary.

Mr. Matter-of-fact put an end to all my flights of fancy by remarking that it was only the remains of an old blacksmith's shop, whose owner was a swearing man, and who died in a drunken fit not far from the spot on which I then stood. Perhaps it would have been better for us both if he had been less practical and I less romantic.

I love to possess something that I know was the companion of a dear friend, now lying in the grave. Why, I have a little pin-cushion filled with pins, and I'd sooner you'd hurt me than take one of those pins from its resting-place. Six years ago they were placed there by one whom I loved—a mother's hands put them there. Forgive me, girls, if you are matter-of-fact, for you will think I'm losing all my buoyant feelings.

I pity the woman who is married to a matter-of-fact man, for she is to be pitied. Perhaps she loves him (I believe it has not entirely gone out of fashion for women to love their husbands), and has a nice seat by the fire for him, his slippers nicely warmed for him, and, best of all, a smiling countenance. Does he appreciate all these things? I think not. He throws his boots in two of the corners of the room, puts on his slippers, sinks into the soft easy-chair, gives a grunt, and is soon lost in the evening paper, among the stock and exchange accounts, entirely oblivious as to how all these comforts came there, or, if he does think of them at all, he regards them as nothing more than his *rights*. Poor creature (I mean his wife) doesn't dare to ask him to read a story aloud. She'd catch it if she did. He'd snarl out: "What do you want to hear such twaddle as that for? Stories don't do you any good. It you want narratives, you'll find plenty of them in the Bible. Why don't you look into that?"

Why don't you do it yourself, Mr. Matter-of-fact? Yes, and what's more, why don't you find out in the Holy Scriptures that wives are to be treated better than you treat yours? You live only for yourself—only care for yourself, and it's high time you looked out for a more worthy object to concentrate your thoughts upon. Were I wedded to such a man, I'd pay him back in his own coin. He'd have to hunt for his slippers, and have to pick out the needles stuck in his chair, heads downward. Do infuse a little romance into this otherwise dull life, and don't make your homes such prison-pens, and your wives such prisoners. Were I a man, I'd flood the walls of my house with pictures, my tables with books, papers and flowers, and I'd try to make my wife as happy as when we were courting. Who's romantic? EVE LAWLESS.

AS IT WAS—AS IT IS.

BABIES belong properly to a past age. There was a time when the little mites of humanity were regarded as sacred charges, and when the claims of motherhood were recognized as comprising something more than a marshaling of the little flock for inspection after they have passed under nurse's hands, and are dressed for the day. But mothers have other subjects to engross their minds now. The humdrum business of rearing children is quite too wearisome to be undertaken by our women of the period. It is very much more easy and infinitely more creditable to be chief magistrate of some philanthropic society for the relief of destitute orphans, where one's powers of eloquence are admirably commented upon, and indefatigable efforts in the cause of humanity call forth the plaudits of the general public.

And who among us does not properly estimate public opinion? It has come to be an exploded theory that woman should be the guardian angel of her own home. Why, one of a proper degree of spirit can scarcely find breathing room in such a narrow limit nowadays. No; the world—the broad, active, bustling, crowding world—is the proper sphere for woman's endeavors. It is quite time men came to know that they are not lords of all creation; it is time that the mainly sense of independence is overmatched by woman's assertion of superior rights. Homes are—or should be—grand bazars to be thrown open on stated occasions for the reception of society. They also enable one to elevate the cause of humanity by engaging retinues of servants, who—according to the ancient code prescribing women to the personal supervision of their own affairs—would be deprived of the liberty of aping their employers' manners, shirking the duties supposed to devolve upon them, and preparing to edge their way into the shoddy aristocratic circles by any chance of adventure which may come to them.

Men, being all selfishness, are inclined to grumble somewhat at the result of the "pending revolution." They should be taken in hand and taught to be thankful for the privileges they are permitted to enjoy; as a class they are entirely too consequential. They have much too exalted an opinion of their own prerogatives, and are quite too exacting in their expectations of wifely duties. Some of them actually regret the old style regime, and refer to the times of their grandmother with deplorable partiality. As if the progressive spirit of femininity was never to rise above the prosaic details of cooking vegetables, making pastry, scrubbing floors, and pandering to the whims of husbands. Time, indeed, that a new era was being introduced!

Wives are not the meek-minded, one-ideaed—to coin a word—class that they seem to have been once upon a time. Their souls now soar above the trivial occupation of sewing on buttons and darning socks. I'm sure if husbands don't approve of the new order of affairs, they have plenty of resources wherewith to console themselves. If "home is not as it should be," there is the club; what were clubs made for, I should like to know, if not as a means to pass enjoyably their leisure hours? The fairer sex have discovered the benefit of these institutions, and are fast establishing their own. The good derived from this mode of procedure is very evident. It prevents married couples from being thrown too much in each other's society, and assists to maintain the indifferent business regard which this relation of the sexes should only indulge, for an excess of connubial affection should only be classed with things that were but are not.

The world is fast being revolutionized. All hail, then, to the active operators in the movement of reform! Down with the rusty precepts of the past, up with the banners of present progress and future achievements! "Let the welkin ring" to the downfall of old-fogyism and the success of free-equality agitators! J. D. B.

OUR SUMMER SKETCHES.

From the graceful pens of Jennie Davis Burton, Mary Reed Crowell, Lettie Arley Irons, Col. Prentiss Ingraham, T. C. Harbaugh, C. D. Clark, Jos. E. Badger, Jr., Walter A. Rose, etc., etc., we have a series of most exquisite tales and sketches especially adapted for summer reading—light, airy, piquant and pointed delineations, with a touch of satire, and overmastering the belle, and beaux all play their parts as at the gay watering-places, or under the cool shadows of the trees, in the sweet summer haunt. To these sketches we shall assign a special place in each issue, as they richly merit; and in their perusal our readers will while away many a pleasant hour. The SATURDAY JOURNAL is particularly fortunate in possessing a corps of writers of this class of literature, who are unequalled for the grace, beauty and appositeness of their revelations of heart and health life.

MY GYMNASTICS.

I WANT to be a gymnast, and with the gymnasts stand. Because they say a gymnast can stand any thing. I want to get strong in my arms, and I want to draw, though I am afraid no Jim Nast will ever be able to draw with Th. Nast.

Gymnastics are a good thing to have. They did wonders for Greece and Rome. The education of no Roman youth was considered complete without gymnastics. They enabled him to travel on his muscle, being no railroads to travel on. In those days to be a Roman (and *room* on his muscle) was greater than a king.

Scipio was a gymnast. He had cultivated muscle until he was able to carry the war into Africa, all alone. (It is a pity any one ever brought it back again.) He afterward exhibited his prodigious strength by holding out peace to Hannibal, with one hand, although there is some dispute as to the size of the piece. If it was a five-cent piece it wasn't much of a "lift" for either one of them.

Julius Cesar was a *finished* gymnast, for Brutus finished him.

Climbing a greased pole originated in Greece. In Russia they climb a Pole any time, whether he be greased or not; and they don't care how high he stands, either. It is considered a great gymnastic feat to climb a greased pole. A great gymnastic hands and feet, as one might say. I have great feet, but they are not gymnastic.

There is a deficiency in my early education that I propose to supply, and to that end have bought a season ticket in the gymnasium. Being warned not to overtax myself, I have taken it very moderately, as may be seen by the following memoranda:

FIRST DAY.—Walked up and down in front of the gymnasium building, and looked up at the windows—trying to look up courage, as it were. Felt my muscles looking up, and immediately shook hands with some of the gymnasts as they came down stairs. Went home and bathed my arms in ammonia, so as to prevent lameness.

SECOND DAY.—Went up stairs and entered the hall boldly. Peeled to the buff, tied my suspenders around my body, and proceeded to feel of the apparatus. Looked intently at a twenty-five pound dumb-bell, and then jawed it for five minutes. Dumb-bell couldn't jaw back, because it was dumb. Sat down on the floor and nursed a ten-pound club, though I would have preferred a ten-pound note. Feeling of the club, I sought my room and went straight to bed.

THIRD DAY.—Began cautiously, by reading the daily papers in the reading-room attached to the hall. Weighed myself, and then swallowed a glass of ice-water with one hand. Bath.

FOURTH DAY.—Drew on the boxing-gloves. Pulled them off again. Felt encouraged to write a letter, threatening to whip an editor who charges in his paper that I couldn't write like Bunyan.

FIFTH DAY.—Professor Handspring, who is in charge, volunteers to put me through a course of exercises with the clubs. The Professor is an adept in clubs. If clubs were trumps, he would hold a full hand all the time. Had he lived in Powhatan's time, that historic chieftain would have invited him to take his place and apply the club to the head of Captain John Smith. The Professor can easily swing a club around his head with his teeth. He would be invaluable in getting up a club for the SATURDAY JOURNAL!

"Now, then," said the Professor, after standing me up in front of him with a club in each hand, "Easy, now; twenty times over the head."

I was about to give it to him twenty times over the head as he commanded, when he hastily explained that I was to swing the clubs twenty times over my own head, and not let him have it over his. It was a narrow escape for the Professor.

Attempted to follow his directions, but one of the clubs hit me a stunning blow on the back of the head, and the other, slipping out of my hand, struck the Professor in the stomach, doubling him up to the extent that he had to be hauled up by a block and tackle, and a fifty-pound weight hung to each leg to straighten him out again.

A couple of experienced gymnasts rubbed me down with boxing-gloves, then blanket-ed me and rushed me around the room on a walk, to prevent my getting stiff.

When the Professor recovered he suggested a diet on dumb-bells for a change. Being mostly out of change I accepted. He put a thirty-pound dumb-bell in my hand, and told me to hold it out at arm's length as long as I could. I did. Held it out about two seconds and then dropped it on the Professor's toes, he having thoughtlessly neglected to remove them. The Professor muttered something about the "gol" dumb-bell," as he nursed his toes, and said school was out for the day.

I will tell you further of my gymnastics as I progress.

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TRAPPER, HUNTER, INDIAN-FIGHTER AND CAPTIVE—

sub-Chief of the fierce Sioux—as Traveler, Explorer and Guide over all the

WILDEST REGIONS OF THE WEST,

returns to civilization to tell a story of rarer interest than ever attached to any pioneer, adventurer or pathfinder in American annals.

LOOK OUT FOR AN EARLY ANNOUNCEMENT!

Foolsap Papers.

In Regard to Office-Seekers.

"ONE of the worst things a person in my humble position has to endure," said the President to me, as he knocked the curry-comb against the side of the stall to get the dust out of it, "is the ceaseless importunity of patriotic Americans who are anxious to serve their country in some official capacity, and are willing to shed the last drop of their poverty and die in office—after a sufficiently long service."

"Through some unfortunate oversight in the Constitution, there are not enough offices for everybody, and so for each vacant one there are about 17,000 applications; and of that lot you will have 16,999 enemies and detractors—Whoa, now," said the President, jumping hastily out of the stall, leaving his hat in the horse's mouth.

"They beset me at all hours. During the day the fence is always full; at night their applications are poked under my door. They go so far, sometimes, as to pick my lock and enter while I am asleep. One or two anxious ones have crawled down my chimney."

"At the next session of Congress I shall urge the necessity of electing an extra President, whose sole business shall be to shovel out the offices. There are the letters I received so far, in those twenty-one barrels over in the corner there; if you wish you can look into them awhile, as supper isn't ready yet."

I proceeded to do so.

One man had been a hard drinker for twenty-five years; was sure he could tell good liquor from bad; desired to be whisky Inspector.

One man had been in front of the lines at Vicksburg when the first gun was fired, though not when the second was, as he went back to get on another coat. Served during the rest of the war as an non-commissioned deserter; desired a collectorship.

One young man, whose sole support and dependence was an aged mother, wanted a post-office.

A tailor who had done custom-work for thirty years, wanted a position as surveyor in a Custom House.

One man used to live neighbor to the President, regretted he had never spoken to him; had he known what the future was to bring forth, would have treated him civilly; there was a vacant P. O. in his place; would have no objections to receiving the salary for four years.

One man had honored his country for many years by being a shoemaker; recalls with much pleasure the time when he mended the President's boots; had afterward voted for him; tried to vote twice, but had been prevented by party malice; pined for an assessorship.

One man had been in the naval service for thirty-five years as captain of a canal boat; understood sea-faring in all its branches; could shift the line on a three-mile ship, and could go under a low bridge without taking it along; hankered for a command in the European squadron.

One man would have voted for him had his name been on the ticket he voted; having been at home during the late rebellion, he was prevented from taking an active part in the great battles of the nation; was strictly temperate in the amount of liquor he drank; thought there might be some relationship between them, as both smoked cigars. Sorrowed for Internal Revenue office.

One man wanted to be minister to England; longed to flaunt the stary flag before the entrance to the Court of St. James; hadn't very good feeling for the English anyway—his wife was an Englishwoman; could settle Alabama claims in fifteen minutes; had intimately known the President for several years by reputation; at present was keeper of second-hand furniture store; thought a change would do him good; in haste.

One man had invented patent stove-hook with tooth-pick on one end; had taken lots of patent medicines; could write his own name without looking cross-eyed or sticking his tongue out; it would solace his soul to be Commissioner of Patents.

One man had stood the siege of nine years of married life; thought he was peculiarly fitted to be Secretary of War.

One man knew all about building a fortress; his idea was to dispense with masonry; merely stretch canvas around a tight frame; when a ball would strike this it would merely make a small hole, which could be immediately patched by a convenient tailor; were this wall knocked down it wouldn't hurt anybody; would be willing to give up stage-driving to be made Superintendent of Coast Defenses; had served some months in Fort Lafayette. Salary no objection.

One man would like to get his brother in the Treasury Department; himself in the Paymaster's Department, and his rich father in the Lunatic asylum.

One man out in Indiana knew all about the mails; he had frequently been *through* them himself; could tell which letter had money in it, and how to take care of it; considered himself religious but honest; could bring a recommendation from Phil Wiggins, the highly-esteemed and popular drayman of his town; what he mourned for most was a little Post Office—just the least little bit of a one.

One man had lived (without dying even once) to be one hundred and ten years old; considered himself an old *fossil*—an ancient relic of past ages; had heard the President was forming a cabinet; was exceedingly anxious to get in it.

One man, an Irishman, wrote that he had just landed and was out of a situation; was industrious, having worked his passage all the way over; felt himself competent to fill a chair at any table; had the addition table at the end of his fingers; was a gentleman as well as a scholar, if not ask Jimmy Maloy; would the President give him a little job of ditching to do?

I might have continued reading there until my eyes went blind and afterward used up five or six pairs of spectacles, but my reading was cut remarkably short by one of the sweetest utterances of humanity that ever made a man throw down any paper he had in his hand except the SATURDAY JOURNAL; the Irish servant said "Supper is ready!" I straightened my locks with the curry-comb, and we went in.

Yours, for no office,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

To be covetous of applause discovers a slender merit, and self-conceit is the ordinary attendant of ignorance.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only when stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet.—The contents of each page must be most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worth a try. Still, experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Contributors must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We must say "unavailable" to the following contributions: "Popular Superstitions," "The Dark-est Hour," etc.; "The Midnight Murder," "Brown's New Clerk," "The Rose of the Garrison," "Run Away from Home," "The Double Shot," "Zet's Furtation," "Poiled at Last," "A Bear Fight," "A Hole in the Shoe," "When Mother is Sick," "The Slonx Bride," "A Pretty Girl," "Joe Rams-bolham's Proposal," "My Niece's Visit," "Six Months of Sleep," "The Strong Tower of Marriage," "Thunder Along Shore," "A Swam of B's," "The Geography," "A Pretty Girl's Note," "A Hand," "A Thursday's Luck."

Will find place for "Flying from Fate," "What Was in a Name," "The Reason Why," "Weary," "Love's Arrow," "Futiles and good," "The Commit of the Glen," "Then It Was Fair," "Grace Howland's Graceless Lover," "The Spirit of '72," "Homeric Wisdom at Three Cents a Dime," "What's in a Name," "A Pretty Girl's Note."

EXTRA. It is not wrong to do any thing that is right. It is never right to eavesdrop intentionally; nor is it "just the thing" to go to church merely to be escorted home by your gentlemanly friends; but true gentleman's escort is not to be shunned in walking from church. Leap-year properties do not differ from the properties of any other year. It is not in the nature of things for the lady to "propose."

HARRY. It is perfectly safe to order the Dime Books by mail. We send them out, in that way, by thousands. The Dime Books are not only popular, but very popular, and are sent to schools and scholars in all sections of the Union.

L. J. E. Why ask the lady's pardon and confess your error, if she doesn't think you're a fool for being so willing to forgive?

ALEXANDRIA W. The sketch is fairly promising but lacks that dramatic directness and point which we desire in your contributions. Send your first contributions to the *Traveller*, of Boston.

W. H. M. We send the SATURDAY JOURNAL for four months, on receipt of one dollar.

NED BUTLER. We don't return author's MS. at our own expense.

BURTON A. Mr. Aiken is not now interested in the Brooklyn Museum.

REFORM. There is a wide difference between the Universalists and Unitarians. The first believe in the actual Divinity of Christ, and the latter reject his Divinity, and therefore the Trinity. They both agree in believing that all men will be saved. There are other points of agreement and of difference, theologically, but these will indicate the main features of their systems.

HARRY ROCKWOOD. We do not want the MS. referred to.

M. E. B. We have to say no to the poems. The spirit of both compositions is good, and the expression is, at times, admirable, but the rhymes and rhythm are sadly defective, in many instances. For instance, you rhyme neck and wet, ears and mair's; sit and rick; six and rick; and you rhyme rick and again, but first learn the art of poetic expression.

H. D. M. writes to say: My private opinion is that the "Dark Secret" is much better than "Wedded, Yet No Wife,"—a view which few readers will question. "The Dark Secret" is, in many respects, the author's finest novel, in character, plot and story.

BESSIE MOORE. In putting on old gloves the fault is frequently made of pulling them over the new glove, when it does not fit, for they are generally worn too small, and hastily drawn upon the hand. Be careful to draw them on with the right side; then do not permit them to be stretched; it puts them out of shape, and only gloves too small need stretching. Then draw the glove on carefully and straight, and it will find its own size, and placing a new glove in a damp cloth, before putting it on, you will find it on the more readily, although the dampness hardens the kid, when it becomes dry.

HOUSE-CLEANER. You should commence to put away all of your woolen wear before the moth-mill-cioches which are in the air, and the weather of spring. Pack them away in a gun-camphor or cedar leaves. If you do not take your carpets up for the summer, loosen them at the edges, and then take away the dust with pan and brush. Apply it with a brush of moths, wash the floor with turpentine, and then lay the carpet down quickly; the odor of the turpentine will soon disappear. If you have a large room, then do not permit them to be stretched; it puts them out of shape, and only gloves too small need stretching. Then draw the glove on carefully and straight, and it will find its own size, and placing a new glove in a damp cloth, before putting it on, you will find it on the more readily, although the dampness hardens the kid, when it becomes dry.

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THE DREAM LESSON.

BY FRANK M. LEBBIE.

The sunlight glistened the western hills,
As a milkmaid roved, with a kirtle gay,
Down a moss-grown path, to the trying tree,
To meet with her lover, brave Robin Grey;
A wistful look in her dark eyes shone,
While the red lips opened in a rueful tone:

"I am tired, so oft, of my humble lot—
Oh, that a wealth of gold were mine!
I would robe my form in costliest garb,
On neck and brow should rare jewels shine."
As she musing sat, an elf stole by,
And kissed the maiden's drooping eye.

Enrapt, she gazed at the luring sky,
Far, far through the cloud-bedizen'd maze;
The wildest treasures her fancy craved,
Burst forth on her ravished, wilder'd gaze.
Yes, there were the jewels of glittering light,
Pinning the azure robe of night.

The rare, rich shade for the bridal gown,
With its gauzy gossamer overdress;
Seven dazzling gems for the clasp pin
To shine on the lace-embroidered breast;
And gleaming like fire, o'er a wizard spring,
A solitary for her wedding-ring.

Too far—she rested on mother earth,
And the coveted wealth was far too high—
Ah, now she knew how vain she'd been,
When humbler blessings were hovering near;
A gentle touch on her pink cheek lay,
And she woke to the kiss of Robin Grey.

Together they sat in the glowing light,
And she told her foolish wish and dream,
While the uncrowned hopes her joy had marred,
Faded away like a summer sheen.
She leaned on his breast in the old fond way,
Content in the love of Robin Grey.

Without Mercy:

OR,
THREADS OF PURE GOLD.
A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL.

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUT IN THE WORLD,"
"LAURA'S PERIL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

DISHEARTENED.

WHEN Tracy Cuthbert had struggled back to New Orleans, he found himself in the possession of a heavy heart and a light purse. His reception and disappointment at Holcombe Hall filled his once joyous, sanguine nature with gall, distrust and despair. He had not money enough with which to return to England, and portrait-painting, which had been his occupation in London, was a pursuit that required a wide range of acquaintances, and a considerable capital ere it could be expected to yield much profit. Neither of these requisites being within Tracy's reach, there was nothing left for him to do but to seek out some cheap way of reaching his native land again.

With this object in view, he sought the shipping. There were four vessels bound for different English ports lying close together, and, after a severe struggle with his pride, Tracy walked up the gang-plank on to the deck of the St. George, of Glasgow, which was advertised to sail for Southampton in three days.

"Can I see the captain?" he asked, addressing one of the cabin-boys.
"I suppose," was the reply.

"Is he aboard now?"
"No," without looking up.

"May I ask where I would most likely see him?"
"Can't tell."

The tone was curt, and it stung Tracy to the quick, for it is a remarkable fact that an empty pocket makes a man terribly sensitive.

"Who was you looking for?" asked an old sailor, who overheard the conversation, and who now darted a savage glance at the boy.

"For the captain," answered Tracy.
"The captain of the St. George, eh?"
"Yes, sir."

"Well, he's gone up to the Custom House 'bout an hour ago, but, if you want to see him very bad, I'd advise you to sit down on this stool and wait a bit. He said he'd be back in an hour, and Captain Krandal is always on time, sir."

Tracy thanked the man kindly and took the proffered seat.

"You're an Englishman," said the sailor, "are you not?"
"Yes, sir."

"From what part?"
"London."

"Ah, indeed! I'm from Devonshire myself—from Spaybred. I suppose you've heard tell of Spaybred."

"Quite often," exclaimed Tracy, eagerly, and rising; "tis only seven miles south of Digby."

"Digby!" and the sailor grasped Tracy's hand. "Digby! And you know Digby?"
"Know it?" cried Tracy, wringing the hand of the seaman; "I have a wife there!"

The two men, forgetting that one wore broadcloth and the other duck, laughed outright with joy, or something akin to it, and, in a few moments, were chatting away as familiarly as if they had known each other for years.

Tracy told Jack Atwell, for that was the sailor's name, the whole story of his trip across the Atlantic, of his disappointment, and of his determination to return home again.

"Don't you think you acted hastily, my young friend?" said Atwell, when he had finished. "The old man spoke in his anger, and doubtless has cooled down ere this. Besides, you are his heir; if he cuts you off, what do you propose doing with yourself?"

"He has cut me off, that is, made me understand that my marriage has completely alienated us; and now, I can't see that there is anything left for me to do, but to go back to London and my painting again."

"Back to London sounds queer to my ears, sir. I never like to hear folks, especially young, healthy folks such as you, talk of going back home with empty pockets. Don't you think there are a deal too many young men in England now?"

"Yes," replied Tracy. "I do think so."

"And so do I," said Atwell, reflectively, removing the quid of tobacco which he had been chewing from his mouth, and casting it into the river, where he saw it go to pieces before he added: "This is a young, fresh, healthy country, and this is the place for young, fresh, healthy men."

"You would advise me to stay here with-out a pound, would you?"

"Yes; better here in that condition than over there, where every road to fame and fortune is crowded. You can make a fortune here; over there you must inherit one."

Tracy was surprised at the logic of the seaman; and surprised, too, at the ease and fluency with which he talked. He was evi-

dently a man with qualifications far above the demands of his calling, and the young Englishman felt that he could possibly do no better than take his advice, and, after a short pause, he told him so.

"That sounds like pluck and sense combined," said Atwell, "and these are first-class requisites, my young friend."

"But, my wife?" interrupted Tracy. "I can not stand a separation of years from her, and it will take years to accomplish anything, you know."

"So it will," remarked the other, "but I was thinking you might send for her—that is, if she or you would not be afraid to let her make the voyage alone."

"Oh, certainly; I would be afraid, and she—she would not have the courage to attempt such a thing."

"You think so?"
"Indeed, I'm quite sure she would not. You see, Dora is but a child yet, in most respects, and never was further than London in her life."

"And yet," remarked Atwell, musingly, "female children have a wonderful vitality, and have a knack of blossoming into strong, powerful, enduring womanhood, whenever the occasion demands. Now, do you know that I believe your wife would not hesitate an instant to make the journey alone, with the sure prospect of meeting you on her arrival here?"

Tracy shook his head in mild dissent. "I wish I could think so," he said; "it might induce me to remain here and try my chances with the rest."

Just then Captain Krandal was seen emerging through an alley-way made by piles of tiered cotton-bales, and Atwell, whose keen eye was continually roaming, singled him out at once.

"There comes the skipper," he said, nudging Tracy, "and as fine a gentleman as ever walked the queen's oak, I can tell you."

Captain Krandal was a tall, florid gentleman, of six and forty, with a full, frank blue eye, and a ruff of sandy whiskers framing in his face like a picture.

Tracy was favorably impressed at once, and when Jack Atwell introduced them, and Tracy had made known the object of his visit, the captain said:

"I will be glad to give you such accommodations as the St. George affords; we sail day after to-morrow for Southampton."

"And the fare, sir?" said Tracy, fumbling the few pounds he had still left in his wallet.

"Will be merely nominal; there will be no trouble about that."

The young man thanked him, and half an hour after left the deck of the St. George with a lighter heart and more joyous spirit than he had known since the hour in which he left Holcombe Hall.

The words of Atwell, too, had infused him with new courage, and the remainder of the day he spent in looking about the city.

As he passed down Royal street from Canal, his eye was attracted by a large, imposing structure with fluted Corinthian columns, over the facade of which was hung a sign indicating the building to be that of the City Exchange.

While he was curiously surveying the pile, which the narrow street prevented him from obtaining a good look of, his eye fell upon a small tin sign to the right of the main entrance, which informed him that Theophilus Gammon was a portrait-painter, and that his studio was located on the third floor back.

"I will go and see Gammon," said Tracy, "and from him I can doubtless learn how painting pays here."

He did so, climbing up the spiral staircase in the rotunda of the big building with great care, for this mode of ascent was not without its attendant danger, he finally burst into the studio of the gentleman whose name he had read in the street.

He found Mr. Gammon seated in front of his easel, with a huge pipe in his mouth, a palette in one hand and an opera-glass in the other, while behind his two very large and very red ears he held a pair of small brushes, as in a rack.

On the easel was the almost completed portrait of an old lady, if one were to judge by the face, and of a very stylish young one, were the dress only observed.

Mr. Gammon ignored the presence of Tracy for some considerable time, which he occupied in pulling lustily at his pipe, and glancing every now and then through the opera-glass at the old face and the youthful regalia.

At last, having apparently sated his appetite for the beautiful, he laid down the glass and turned a pair of weakish brown eyes on his visitor.

"Mr. Gammon, I believe," said Tracy, with a bow.

There was a pause; and after an instant's silence, Theophilus rearranged his opera-glass, and, with the greatest deliberation, leveled it at the head of the speaker, drawing out at length:

"Yes, sir, Mr. Gammon—Theophilus Gammon, at your service."

With an effort Tracy smothered a laugh, and added: "You are a portrait-painter, I believe."

"Yes, sir. An American artist," was the reply.

"Ah! indeed?" responded Tracy. "I am an artist too—an English artist."

Tracy thought he could see Mr. Gammon's very large and soiled nose turn up at this, but perhaps this was only a fancy, for the American artist rose to his feet now, disincumbered himself of all the appliances of his profession, and reaching out his hand, said:

"I'm glad to meet you, sir—very glad. How long have you been in this country?"

"Only a few days."

"A new-comer—eh? Where do you propose locating?"

"I think of going back to England."

The little brown eyes made a great effort to stare at this, and Mr. Gammon remarked, with astonishment on every feature:

"That sounds odd, sir—very odd—to hear of a man going back to the old country; of a man turning his back on so many golden opportunities, and that, too, in a few days after his arrival."

"But I came here on special business," put in Tracy; "and that being finished—"

"Oh, then you are not in search of employment?" interrupted Gammon.

A sudden resolve entered Tracy's heart, and he rejoined: "If I could find remunerative work, I wouldn't hesitate to try my luck here."

"Work! work!" exclaimed Gammon; "there's plenty of work and good prices. There's Goupil, who did last week of yellow fever, left a whole studio of uncon-

pleted work behind. If you think of staying, you might get his room—the third door from mine on the gallery."

Yes, Tracy would stay—he determined on that now—and in less than an hour from the moment he entered Gammon's studio he found himself with the key of Goupil's room in his pocket.

That same afternoon he visited the good ship St. George, and informed Atwell and Captain Krandal of his new step.

"By the time the St. George returns, I will either send for Dora, or go back myself."

Atwell congratulated him on his pluck, and the ill-assorted pair sauntered along the levee, talking of the old country and of those they loved, until night, damp and dark, closed in about them; then they separated.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PURSUIT.

HAROLD HOLCOMBE was seated in his big chair in the library at Holcombe Hall on the night of Hester's flight, moaning aloud in anguish of spirit. He had been informed of Tracy's departure and also of Rupert Gaspard's going, and he was now trying to think of some new move—some new plan to accomplish his purpose, when Toy entered with a wild, scared look upon his face, exclaiming:

"Oh, master! master! she's gone—gone clean away!"

"Gone! She!" exclaimed Harold, his eyes becoming fixed. "Where? Who?"

"Miss Hester, if you please, sir. I don't know where she's gone to, but Bede says she has not been in her room to-night."

"Not been in her room!" repeated Harold, "not been in her room! This is astounding. Perhaps," and his countenance grew ashen at the thought, "she has foolishly destroyed herself! Have you been at the river bank?"

"No, sir. It's but this moment I heard the news from Bede."

"And you have ordered no search to be made? You have come here with your finger in your mouth like a fool, to chat and chime like a woman?"

"But, sir—"

"I have no time to listen to words. Not an instant must be lost; she must be found. My life depends upon it! Do you understand my life?"

"Yes, sir, I understand," replied Toy, moving toward the door; "and I'll go and see if I can find her."

"See if you can?" echoed Harold. "There must be no seeing about it. She must be found! Go now, and awaken everybody on the place; leave no stone unturned—go."

Toy, seemingly glad to escape from the withering gaze of the old man, rushed out, and pale, chastely, exhaled, Harold Holcombe sunk back in his chair, and covering his face with his wrinkled hands, muttered:

"She will be here demanding the fulfillment of my oath, and—and—what, what shall I say to her?"

His white lips parted and a groan escaped them, and, before it had died away, the window that opened out on the veranda was pushed violently back, and in its frame-work, like a weird painting of some old master who had a penchant for specters, stood the crouching form of Madge.

He glanced up; took in the whole picture at that glance, and shudderingly hid his face again.

For an instant Madge stood regarding him with a devilish malignity in her eyes; then she advanced to his side, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said:

"So you have tried to fool me at last, have you?"

Shudderingly he replied, lifting his hands as if in supplication as he spoke:

"No, madam, my soul I swear that I have dealt honestly by you."

"Tush! Tush! Don't attempt to hood-wink me with your lies. You can't do it. I know your tricks too well for that. You made a wreck of poor Gertrude with your lies, and then you—"

"Don't!" exclaimed the old man; "don't speak, but hear me for a moment only. The boy came here this morning from England, and when I told him of my plans he shattered them at one fell blow by telling me that he was already married."

"What did you do?" Madge was searching his face.

"Do! What could I do? I drove him from the house, as I would a dog."

"You did? and he was your nephew—your own flesh and blood, eh?"

"Yes; but I did it for the sake of Gertrude's child," he added. "Only for her sake."

The woman was silent, and a smile played about the corners of her mouth. "I had heard that you sent Tracy Cuthbert away, and that's what brought me here. Now, what do you propose to do for Hester?"

"Hester!" he repeated: "why, have you not heard?"

"Heard?" said the woman, with a great start. "Heard what? Have you murdered her, too?"

"For God's sake, be calm," he said. "You know how I loved Hester!"

"Don't talk to me of your loving anybody," Madge replied, impatiently. "You said you loved Gertrude, did you not? Did you not swear to her that you idolized the very earth she walked upon? Did you not swear to be faithful unto death? and, after all, I know, and that river out there knows, how you kept your vows. You see, Harold Holcombe, how well a sister can remember a sister's fate."

She was walking up and down the room now, clapping her burning palms together. Suddenly she paused and asked:

"What has befallen Hester?"

"What has become of her?"

"This time he replied, saying: 'I can't tell; she left here this evening without telling anybody of her intention. I have ordered a vigorous search to be made for her, and I shall spare no pains to discover her whereabouts.'"

"You must find her," said Madge—"find her and bring her back, and since she can not be your joint heiress, she shall be your sole heiress. Yes, every acre must be made over to her, and she must come into immediate possession. Do you agree to this?"

"I do," he said, doggedly.

"Then swear it!"

"By all your hopes of heaven! I swear it."

"That's right, Harold," said Madge, in a sneering tone, "and now I will go and join in the search after Hester. If she be not found, prepare for your doom."

"But, Madge," he exclaimed, "be reasonable."

"I am not Reason," she answered, walk-

ing to the window. "I am Nemesis; a sister's blood cries to heaven for vengeance, and it is for you to say what form that vengeance shall assume. Good-night, Harold Holcombe—good-night!"

The window closed with a bang, and the old man leaped to his feet, and began pacing up and down the apartment.

"I have stood this long enough," he hissed. "I have been hunted down, driven like a hare before this she-hound, to mollify whom I have wasted years of my life. But, I'll do so no more. This crazy devil may do her worst; better death than to live under a cloud of fear as I do, dreading exposure and punishment, and not daring to fly from it, lest I should drive her from threats to action."

As he finished speaking, Toy came trooping along the hall, entering the room excited and heated.

"Well," demanded Harold, "any trace?"

"Yes, sir; she has gone down the river, on the Eclipse."

"How do you know this?"

"Why, sir, the boat had just rounded out into the stream when we got there, and, besides, 'Bijah, who assisted her off, told us so."

"'Bijah?' cried the old man, his face growing purple. "'Bijah? How dare the black scoundrel do such a thing? Where is he?"

"In his cabin, sir," said Toy, meekly. "I told him you would settle with him and Bett in the morning."

"And so I shall. I'll make them an example to every nigger on the place. Toy, when does the next packet go down?"

He put this query calmly and awaited a reply.

"About noon to-morrow, sir."

"Not before?"

"No, sir. The Olive Branch is the next boat."

Harold pondered a while before he said: "We go to New Orleans on the Olive Branch to-morrow, in search of Hester. Have every thing ready."

"Yes, sir."

"And Toy, before breakfast send 'Bijah and Bett here."

"Yes, sir," and with this, Toy bowed himself out of the room.

CHAPTER XII.

UNDER A CLOUD.

WHEN the amber light of morning streamed along the eastern sky, touching the waters of the great Mississippi with bright gold and vivid scarlet, it lit up poor 'Bijah's humble home as well, and fell upon the bowed form of the old man and woman as, with arms locked tightly about each other, they rocked dismally to and fro.

They had not spoken for fully ten minutes, nor had they slept a wink during all the long hours of the previous night, for the words of Toy, on his discovery of 'Bijah's connection with the flight of Hester, had filled them with a dread they could not put into words. And now they sat, like two figures in ebony, waiting for sentence and apprehensive of the worst, for no one knew better than Harold Holcombe's slaves, how bitter were his resentments and how fearful were his punishments.

The silence between the two was broken at last by Bett, who, drying the tears from her cheeks, said: "Dar is no use in us askin' marcy from de mastah. No, no, I've seen dat tried too often, an' it nebber done no kind uv good."

"I know dat, honey," answered 'Bijah. "I know dat, as well as any one kin tell me."

"Den dar is no one to look to but dat good Man, what sed once, 'Ef your sins is redder dan fire my marcy is whiter dan wool.'"

'Bijah looked at his wife, who had dropped upon her knees by his side, a moment, and then said:

"You am right, mudder Bett; de Lo'd will not forsake de sheeps dat go to Him in de hour of trouble an' dangah."

"Den let's ax de Lo'd to put some kindness into de ole massa's heart dat he will not be too hard on dem dat is undah him."

'Bijah slipped down on his knees, and, lifting up his hands tremblingly to Heaven, said:

"Good Lo'd, who am de fodder ob de brack man as well as de white, who looked atfah de Israelite children in de swamps ob Canaan, don't let de ole Massa Holcombe be too hard on poor ole Bett an' 'Bijah, kase dey am too ole to stan' much whippin' now."

Here 'Bijah stopped for lack of words, and Bett added, the tears streaming afresh:

"Lo'd habe marcy on dis ole man an' dis ole woman. Amen!"

They felt better after the utterance of this quaint appeal, and Bett had even courage enough to ask 'Bijah if he would drink a cup of coffee which she proposed making.

He declined, however, on the ground that he could not swallow a bite until he had heard the worst. Bett did not make any coffee, but sat down in front of the fire and looked at the burning logs and waited.

"De massa wants ye bofe, up at de Hall."

It was Bett who spoke, standing in the doorway with a very sad face.

"Yes, Bettie chile, you kin tell de massa we's a-goin' up right away," said 'Bijah, rising and going over for his hat which hung on a peg by the door.

Bede started off toward the Hall at a rapid rate, and Bett, her knees quaking with fear, tied a large bandana kerchief around her head, and took her husband's arm.

Had that old couple been on their way to a public gallows their faces could not have been more sad, nor could their whole aspect have spoken more eloquently of the utter despair, the desperate hopelessness that was in their hearts.

"Keep up your courage," whispered 'Bijah; "we've stood a heap togeder, dese forty years an' more, an' we can stan' dis too."

Harold Holcombe received them on the unkempt lawn in front of the main entrance to the Hall.

Only Toy and Wilson, the overseer, were present, and these two stood apart as 'Bijah and Bett advanced.

"So I have been nursing vipers in my bosom, have I?" began Harold, his anger rising. "A nice pair indeed! What have you got to say for yourselves, eh?"

"On'y dis, Massa Holcombe, dat dis am our first offense, an' if you can forgibe us dis one time," said 'Bijah, "we'll try an' do better de next."

"Hush up! you confounded black rascal!" burst forth Harold. "I'll take good care this shall be your last offense. Forgive you, indeed! Do you know what I've got a great notion to do?" and he advanced

with clinched fist menacingly. "I've got a great notion to tie you up heels and head and toss you both into that river there."

"De Lo'd habe marcy!" exclaimed Bett, unable longer to contain herself. "Don't do dat, Massa Holcombe. We's bad an' wicked niggahs, but we am n't so bad as dat."

'Bijah put up his hand and motioned the old woman to be silent, saying himself, and with a solemnity that was not without its effect on Wilson and Toy—"Massa, I've served you dis eighteen years; I've always tried to do my bottom best, but I've ready to be killed now if you am ready to take de sin of killin' me on your poor soul."

"No," replied Harold, with a devilish leer; "I'll not do any thing so stupid. Your punishment shall not be over with a few pangs. No, you shall suffer for this trick during the remainder of your days. Do you hear me?—I'm going to sell you."

Bett's face brightened. Her master noticing this, was quick

them. He is not needed. The slot left by the galloping horse is conspicuous. They can see it, themselves going in a gallop.

Half an hour at this rapid rate, and they are again under shadow—the shadow of the bluff.

For a time they are stayed, while once more leashing the hound and setting it upon the trail. The animal lifts the scent with renewed eagerness, and, keeping in advance, conducts them to an opening in the wall of dark rock. It is the entrance to a gorge going upward. They can perceive a well-marked trail, upon which are the hoof-prints of horses, many of them.

Clancy dismounts to examine them. He takes note also that they are the tracks of unshod horses; though there are some with the iron on. He perceives that they are nearly fresh, though there are others of older date. Those recently made have the convexity of the hoof turned toward the valley. Whoever rode these horses came down the gorge going on for the river. He has no doubt of their being the same party whose tracks were seen close to the crossing, which he now knows must have been the band of Borlase.

The knowledge should deter him from proceeding further in that direction.

But it does not. He is urged on by his oath—by his determination at all cost to keep it—to kill Richard Darke. He fancies Darke can not be far ahead, and trusts to overtaking him before his confederates can come up. Besides, he has no cause of quarrel with them, except the old affair with Borlase in regard to the stealing of a horse. It might get him rough usage at their hands, but would not be sufficient motive for their killing him. If robbers, he had no reason to suppose they were also red-handed murderers.

Reflecting thus, he enters the ravine, and commences ascending its slope. Jupiter follows; the hound, again loose, crawling up after.

The ascent is steep; the path otherwise difficult. It takes them quite half an hour to reach the summit of the bluff.

Once there, they perceive that a different light is around them. The moon has gone down, her white, silvery beams replaced by a tint of bluish gray. It is dawn—the day is just breaking.

The sight, so oft gladdening hearts, has the opposite effect on that of Charles Clancy. He has now thought of reasons for shunning an encounter with Borlase and his band. They might take it into their heads to murder him. Reflecting as he ascended the slope, he has made up his mind to keep out of their way, and during the daylight lie concealed, if Darke be not found before.

But daylight is now on, and still no sign of the man after whom he has been hastening.

Shall he seek concealment in the grove, seen some distance off, or make one more effort to overtake Phil Quantrell, as Darke is now known to his Texan associates?

He decides upon the latter course, and again prepares to set his hound upon the trail. All at once he sees that the instinct of the animal will be of no avail. A "gang" of mustangs comes galloping along, in a course parallel to the line of the cliff, and close to its edge. The wild steeds make no stop, but sweep past like a tornado, as they go giving out shrill screams. They snort at Clancy's horse and the mulatto's mule, seemingly in scorn at their slavish submission to a master.

After that, it is of no use for the hound attempting to lift the scent, unless it can be done beyond where the mustangs swept past.

Clancy determines to try there; and, holding the leash in hand, he rides out into the open plain, Jupiter keeping close behind.

Having crossed the strip trampled by the wild horses, he lets go the cord, giving the dog free choice of direction. Before the animal gets scent of any trail, a sound reaches the ears of his master, causing him and his tawny attendant to pull up, both at the same time turning in their saddles. The sound has come from behind; and, looking back, they behold a spectacle well calculated to alarm them. Horsemen are coming up out of the gorge; a savage troop, less like men than demons!

CHAPTER LXXVII. THE TRACKERS TAKEN.

THE horsemen seemed to rise out of the earth as through the trap-door of a stage. They came filing up one after the other till twenty were in sight. Their faces glared with paint, and plumes rising tuftlike over their crowns, they appeared to be Indians.

But Clancy knew better—he knew they were white men in red-skin garb and guise.

What was he to do? Boldly meet them? Or take his chances of getting away by a straight gallop across the plain?

A glance at the mulatto, given more to the mule, is against the latter course. On the slow-footed hybrid there would be no hope for his companion to get clear.

The horsemen would be sure to overtake him.

After all there was no need to make known why he was there—still less for telling them of his intention to kill one of their comrades.

This thought decided him to stay; and, holding in his horse, he awaited the coming up of the band, the mulatto by his side.

In less than sixty seconds after, they were surrounded—beset by a circle of faces, savage-looking as ever seen upon a Texan prairie, and ten times uglier. For they were not Indians, but white men making an attempt to counterfeit the copper-colored savage.

The travesty was poor enough; and, closely scrutinized, calculated to excite laughter.

Charles Clancy, viewing it as he did, saw nothing to make him mirthful, but much to put him in the opposite mood. For on one of the faces he read an expression that seemed to speak his own death sentence.

Not until after the robbers had closed around the two men did any of them know who these were. Then their leader recognized Clancy.

At the sight, Borlase—for it was he—started in his saddle, appearing profoundly astonished. For he, too, thought Clancy dead. It was the belief of everybody before Borlase had left Nachitoches. He had heard nothing of the man since, only from Darke, who had imparted some particulars of his affair with Clancy. False ones; for he maintained having killed his antagonist in fair fight; which Borlase did not believe. But he had quite satisfied the latter about Clancy's death, saying he had seen him dead.

False, too; though he himself did not know it.

Borlase had not stood in need of such assurance. The newspaper account had made the fact known to him; while Darke, by fleeing from the place and joining his robber band, gave confirmation of it.

After all, it was not a fact! There was Clancy before him, still living! What did it mean?

And where was Phil Quantrell? This was another question now puzzling the prairie pirates, and had been since they came across the San Saba. At the crossing they had expected to overtake their two comrades, sent ahead in charge of the captive girls. Only some of them had gone as far as the live oak, and there observed horse-tracks which they supposed to have been made by those they went in search of.

Having no suspicion of what had occurred, they did not particularly examine them, and they saw nothing of that gory corpse, lying stark among the palm-trees. Loaded with their precious plunder, they were anxious to transport it to a safe place of deposit. For this reason they had made but a brief pause at the crossing-place; only looking under the tree, and then leaving it. They supposed that Quantrell and the other man, chafing at the delay—perhaps fearing pursuit—had gone forward, and would be found at the rendezvous.

It is true Borlase himself had entertained some doubt about this. He could not understand Quantrell having gone on without waiting for the rest to come up; much less why the other man, to whom he had given definite orders, should have disobeyed them.

Still, Quantrell, who was a sort of lieutenant of the band, might have influenced the fellow who went with him.

The unexpected presence of Clancy put a different face on the affair. It seemed to offer an explanation of their disappearance; though in what way, and whether they had gone, was as much a mystery as ever.

The chief of the prairie pirates was profoundly astonished.

His men not so much.

None of them had any previous acquaintance with either of the two men they had just made prisoners. They did not even connect them with their own affair. Some young planter, one of the San Saba colonists, out on a hunt, attended by his mulatto servant. This was their conjecture.

Borlase knew better, but said nothing. Indeed, he was for a time rendered speechless by sheer surprise. Then perplexity kept him silent, his thoughts concentrated in an attempt to solve the double mystery.

The murdered man was alive—there before him; while his murderer, who should have been there, was missing!

What the deuce can it mean?

The profane interrogatory was only put to himself, and in a tone not loud enough for any of his comrades to hear it. Much less Clancy and the mulatto. Neither by word nor deed did he make himself known to his new-made prisoners. Under his disguise he fancied he might pass unrecognized—at least so long as he wished; which was but for a short while. It was neither the time nor place for declaring himself.

That he was thinking of some diabolical deed was evident from the way in which he was bearing himself.

"Bring 'em along, boys," he said, muttering, to his men. "An' let 'em ride quick. 'Twon't do to be lollin' about here."

The others knew this as well as he. It was now broad daylight, and there might be pursuers upon their trail. They must go where these could not follow them.

They well knew where—over that stretch of sterile plain, on whose surface, hard and firm almost as rock, the hoof of horse makes no mark. Even when shod and going at a gallop, it scarce leaves a trace. This was their security—why they had their rendezvous in such a remote place as a creek far up the Colorado.

Without more words they moved on, taking their prisoners along with them.

Clancy made protest in angry speech, Jupiter joining him.

It was of no avail. They might as well have talked to the stones. From them they would have been as likely to get compassion.

The only answer vouchsafed was a pistol pointed at the head of each, coupled with a curse and a threat; telling them, if they did not keep silent and go quietly along, they would be shot out of their saddles. Such was the brutal menace emphatically made, and evidently intended to be kept.

Clancy saw the mistake he had committed. Retreat in time might have saved him; for his horse was a fast one. Jupiter would have been taken, but what of that?

The mulatto, as himself, was now a prisoner; and the companionship was not likely to benefit either. Why had he not galloped off?

Was it yet too late?

Clancy put the question to himself; as he did so, casting a quick glance around, looking for a break in their ranks.

No hope. Stern looks, threatening gestures, guns grasped ready to be raised to the shoulder, pistols pointed, their muzzles bearing upon him. He would be shot down ruthlessly. His choice lay between instant death and submission. The death of a dog, too!

He submitted.

CHAPTER LXXVIII. THE PRAIRIE STOCKS.

CLANCY and his follower were both instantly disarmed. The robbers stripped them of every thing, permitting them to stay in their saddles, where, in a trice, they were securely tied by a lashing of lariats. One who had remained on the cliff's edge, as rear-guard, now rode up, and reported, "All right behind."

Then, without further delay, the band moved off; having taken bearings by a solitary tree, seen at a great distance against the line of the horizon. They had need to be thus directed. On that dry plateau there were no signs of road or trail. Even after they themselves had ridden over it, the sharpest eye could not make out a single hoof-mark. Only a sleuth-hound could have followed them.

After advancing some distance, Borlase spurred his horse two or three hundred yards ahead, taking half a dozen of his fellows with him.

Thus separated they continued their march, the group in advance riding close alongside their leader and listening to some communication he was making. It seemed greatly to interest them, and that it related to their prisoners was evident from their

occasionally looking back at these and regarding them with sinister glances.

Borlase appeared to be suggesting some plan for disposing of them; and this in reality he was doing.

It was not disclosed until they had ridden about ten miles further across the plain.

Then the chief with his party made halt, and waited for the others.

As soon as they had got up, two of the prairie pirates placed themselves by Clancy's horse, one on each side. Clutching the bridle-reins, they commenced leading the animal away in a direction at right angles to that they had been hitherto pursuing.

Clancy could make no resistance. He had been already bound, hands behind and limbs fast strapped to the stirrup-leathers.

Borlase with the other four followed, the rest of the band continuing their course, and, by order received, taking Jupiter along with them.

Soon the two troops were far apart; that in charge of Jupiter proceeding to move on, while the lesser one, with Clancy, came to a stop.

On halting they immediately dismounted, their leader remaining on horseback. The prisoner, still tied to the saddle, the two men guarding him now afoot, was holding his bridle-rein.

The other four, evidently according to an understood arrangement, now entered upon a task seemingly eccentric. At the same time it suggested something serious. It looked like the digging of a grave!

Not in the ordinary way, with spades, spears and bowie-knives were the implements employed.

Nor was it of the shape usually designed for interment. Instead of an oblong rectangle, some seven feet in length, they were hollowing out a round hole not two feet in diameter.

At this they worked diligently downward, first with knives, carving out the surface turf; then with spear-blades, slicing the firm substratum of earth, and flinging out the fragments.

They continued their excavation until they had sunk a cylindrical shaft, about five feet deep, and some twenty inches in diameter. Then they desisted, standing silent around the hole thus "crowded."

Borlase broke the silence. Riding close up to his prisoner, and pushing the plumed bonnet back from his brow, he said:

"Do ye remember me, Charley Clancy?"

"I remember you."

Borlase gave a slight start. He had not been prepared for this answer. His disguise had not served him. But no matter now, nor was it much before. He had only been keeping up his *incognito* to indulge a whim—to have the fiendish pleasure of a surprise.

"Oh! ye do remember me, then?"

"Well," was Clancy's laconic response, spoken with as much coolness as if the question had been put by some former friendly acquaintance.

Indeed! Maybe you'll say too well by-and-by. All right. It shows ye don't forget your old friends; an' besides, it saves a world of explanation. Well, then, since your memory's so good, you can also recall that little circumstance in Nachitoches?"

This time there was no answer.

"I mean where ye got me tied two days to a post, whipped into the bargain. You don't forget that, do ye?"

Still no response.

"Silence gives consent. I see ye remember the circumstance. An' now I'm goin' to show you how I fix a fellow that puts me in a fix. Out here we've got a plan ten times better'n any tryin' to posts. You shall be confined so's ye won't have much chance o' wrigglin' about, an' havin' the cords cut yer skin. Ye won't be able even to scratch your head if it itches. Now, boys! show him the way we punish our enemies on the plains. Put him in the prairie-stocks!"

He thus threatened knew it would be no use protesting. In the face of the brute force of him there was visible concentrated revenge—malice without mercy. As well might he have made appeal to an infuriated bull with horns goring his breast.

He said nothing; but, silent as a savage, stoically awaited his fate.

This only excited the ire of the ruffian, who, losing temper, cried out:

"Curse you! 'Til take the starch out of you. Now, boys! in with him! Bury him up to the neck!"

Quick as the order passed from the lips of their chief, three or four of the robbers rushed toward Clancy, released him from the stirrups, dragged him down from the saddle, and off toward the cavity they had hollowed out. The hound sprang at them, making an effort to rescue its master. They would have killed the animal, but one cried out:

"No! let the dog alone! He'll be of use to us."

Its trailing leash was taken hold of and tied to the horn of a saddle.

In ten seconds after, Clancy was in the earth up to his neck, and in as many minutes the returned soil was trodden firmly around him, his head alone appearing above the surface.

"Now!" cried Borlase, in triumph. "Stay there, Mr. Charley Clancy! Stay till the buzzards come peckin' at your skull, an' the worms go crawlin' through your flesh! Ha! ha! ha!"

For some time the ruffian continued taunting him. He would have remained longer, but for thinking of the treasure entrusted to his associates; about Phil Quantrell, and the still more precious treasure that had been consigned to him.

Anxiety about this caused him to hasten his departure from the spot. Before leaving he bent down over Charles Clancy's head, and in a tone of fiendish triumph, whispered into his ear:

"It may comfort you to know that Dick Darke's got your girl; by this time has he in his power!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 97.)

The Brain.—In the fish, the average proportion of the brain to the spinal cord is only two to one. In the reptile, the ratio is two and a half to one. In the bird, it is three to one. In the mammalia, it is four to one. But in man it is twenty-three to one. No less remarkable is the fetal progress of the human brain. It first becomes a brain resembling that of a fish; then it grows into the form of that of a reptile; then into that of a bird; then into that of a mammiferous quadruped, and finally it assumes the form of a human brain, thus comprising in its fetal progress an epitome of geological history, as if man was in himself a compendium of all animated nature, and of kin to every creature that lives.

Madeleine's Marriage:

OR,
THE HEIR OF BROADHURST.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.
AUTHOR OF "UNDER THE CLOUD."

CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

IN terrible fascination, Marlett gazed on the apparition, till it moved and seemed to glide toward the drawing-room. Then he dashed down-stairs, and almost ran against the butler, who was in attendance to open the front door.

"That girl!" he faltered, breathing quickly—"who is she?"

"Who?" repeated the man. "Why, that is our Miss Oriel, brought safe home again this afternoon."

The master heard no more, but hurried to leave the house.

Throwing himself into a cab, he ordered the man to drive as quickly as possible to the shop of the pretended Jew.

He saw the usual attendant in the front shop, and was passing through to the rear, when the man called out:

"My master can not see any one, sir. He is ill."

"Ill or not, I must see him! What is the matter?"

"I do not know, sir. He came home last night, pale and shivering from weakness. He has never had such a turn; but he would not let me fetch a doctor. He said he would see no one."

"Let me pass. I have business of importance." And the gentleman lifted the curtain at the end of the shop, and pushed open the door.

The chamber presented a scene of confusion. It was full of boxes, half-packed, and other articles were strewn about.

The Jew sat in a leather arm-chair, with a jug of liquor before him, from which he had been replenishing his strength in the intervals of packing his goods. His face showed that his nerves had undergone a shock. As Marlett entered, he let fall the cup from which he was drinking, and half rose, his teeth chattering, his pallid visage blanched with fear.

"Hugh Rawd!" were the words his accomplice hissed in his ear, "we are undone! I have seen, with my own eyes, the dead alive!"

"And I too, master!" gasped the other guilty wretch.

"And they must have known it—her mother and young Duclos! They were fooling me! I saw her as I came out—pale as a ghost. I took her for one at first!"

"You saw—who?" whispered Hugh, stretching out his trembling hands.

"Who? the girl—the girl we threw into the river! How could she have escaped?"

"The girl! And I—and I saw!"

"Where—when did you see her? You should have told me! You might have prevented my going there to be mocked! When did you see her?"

"I did not see her!"

"Who then? What are you talking about?"

"The ghost—the dead alive—you said!"

"Man—what are you driving at? Was it my stepdaughter?"

"No—Mr. Marlett. The water gives back the drowned sometimes; but that a man I stabbed to the heart, and flung down a chasm, a hundred feet deep, a dozen years ago—or more—should come up again to stare me in the face, and rob me in the streets of London—that is something I can not make out!"

"You are drunk, man, and raving!"

"I am as sober as you are, Mr. Marlett. That same night I saw you last I was set upon and robbed of my pocket-book."

"Robbed! that must be a joke for you!"

"By the very man you hired me to put out of the way at the fishing village on the Welsh coast."

CHAPTER XXVI.

DRAWING THE NET.

IN the same room of the humble dwelling occupied by the hackman and George Miles, both sat in conversation. The monkey, having taken his usual home exercise and finished his repast, had curled himself up to sleep in his box.

"You are a fool, to my thinking, Sanders," the younger man was saying, "for not going to get the reward for saving the young lady's life."

"Reward for saving my own child!" muttered the other.

"Well, she seemed like your own, I suppose—bein' as you'd lost one; but there's a deal of difference between yours and the rich young lady we had here, with her fine house and her carriage and jewels. Her friends have been inquiring after you, and you had better go while they're in the humor to pay liberally."

"George," said the hackman, leaning back in his chair, "what procession was that you were talking of yesterday?"

"Procession! Oh, the prison-wagon, with the people following it. They were taking the prisoners to jail from their trial, and one of them was the little milliner I told you of—that was to have ten years of it."

"For bigamy—I understand?"

"Ay, that was it; so the paper said."

"Do you know what bigamy is, George?"

"To be sure I do: for one woman to have two husbands."

"To marry one while the other is living. But if one was thought to be dead, and not heard of for a long time, and the woman was poor and had no way to live, would not that make a difference?"

"I don't know; I should think not. The law is very strict, I have always heard."

"Then there would be the trial; or, if not that, the disgrace of being discovered, and made the talk of the town; and cut by all her fashionable friends. Gracious Heavens!" and he started up and began to pace the floor. "Such a fate for her! and I have kept from her sight all these years, to plunge her into such a peril, which I never dreamed of! She shall never—never know it! She shall never be disgraced!"

"Did you know the woman, Sanders?" asked the young man, surprised at his emotion.

"I knew her—no, not her—but one in the same circumstances. What would you think of a poor young creature deprived of her husband, who had been taken to another country—and unable to earn a subsistence for herself and her child—persuaded to marry a rich man, in the belief that her husband was dead?"

"I should think her much to be pitied."

"And suppose after years and years, when her child had grown to be a beautiful young creature, and had a fortune, and both

were wealthy and honored—the former husband were to return and show himself?"

"Well—she belonged to him first; and I suppose—"

"That he had a right to drag her down from her high place, into the dust and mire, and bring her before the accusing law—which might give her ten years of it, like your milliner?"

"That would be a hard case, certainly."

"And if she escaped a criminal prosecution and conviction: to lead her with dishonor, and to blight the life of the young daughter? For who would marry a girl whose mother could be pointed at as the woman with two husbands?"

"That is true."

"Would it not be a just punishment for him—the first one—for his desertion at first, to be condemned to lose her forever?"

"That would be hard again; to see his wife another man's property."

"Another man! a wretch! a villain, unfit to live!"

"Then it would be a favor to her to get her out of his hands. She would not think much of the disgrace."

"You believe so?"

"I would not, if I were the woman."

"Little you know, George, of the feelings of a delicate woman! She would die, rather than meet dishonor. And the fair young girl—that sweet child—whom I have held in my arms so often, whose image has never left me, smiling amid the thunders of the enemy's cannon. Let me be thankful that I was preserved amid ten years of hard fighting and the perils of battle, that one day I might save her form murderous hands, and keep her mother's heart from breaking!"

He flung himself again on the seat, buried his face in his hands, and gave way to a wild burst of tears and moaning. His young companion gazed at him in astonishment, but respected his grief too much to ask a question as to its meaning. At length he said:

"Come, comrade, you must be calm; you mustn't take on this way!"

"You are a faithful friend, George, and one day you shall know every thing."

"I suspect it now," said the young man, under his breath. "It was a mercy, was it not, that you or I did not go to the police office that day, to inform against the ruffians? The whole affair would have been hunted through, and every thing found out."

"You are right; and we did well to be silent. We must be silent still."

"You may depend on me, comrade."

"I know it, George, and the agitated man wrung his companion's hand. "Now you may guess why I avoid that child's mother!"</

with alacrity, and asked then for nourishment.

Emily soon had a fresh egg poached on a bit of toast, and presented it for his repast.

"Do not be afraid to eat," she said, coaxingly. "The doctor said the fever had left you, and that you must now get all the strength you could. I hope you will soon be well."

The invalid looked gratefully into the face of the self-denying woman, who had devoted herself to taking care of him, and glanced at the youth, who stood by the table.

"You are very good, you and Edward," he said, "to a poor fellow not worth the trouble he has given you. But I will make amends, Emily. If Heaven pleases to restore me, I will lead a better life."

"Do not try your strength now," said the wife, tenderly.

"I think I might write that letter to my uncle," the sick man began, after a pause.

"Indeed you shall make no such exertion," Emily answered. "It might bring back the fever. You must be quiet. Take another bit of the toast."

"The letter ought to have been sent before," murmured the invalid. "I have been long in the mind to write it, but that infernal pride stood in the way."

"Father, can not I write for you, and ease your mind?" asked the boy at the table.

"No, Eddie; I must write it myself. I suppose I must wait, and the sick man sunk back on his pillow. "No, Emily, I do not want any more. But something yourself; I have not seen you breakfast today."

The wife did not say that the toast had been cut from the last slices of the loaf she had treasured by denying herself necessary food. To please her charge, she ate a few mouthfuls of the crust, and drank a cup of tea prepared over the lamp. Then she busied herself in putting the room, and the adjoining one, in order.

There was a tap at the door, which the boy opened.

A little girl, belonging to the landlady, said a gentleman was below, who asked to see Mr. Morell.

"I will not see Jasper Marlitt," said a querulous voice from the bed. "At least till I am strong enough to call him to account."

"It may be some one else," observed the wife. "Wait; I will go down and see him."

"I will see any one else," said the sick man. "It may be Jones, with the accounts. You may bring him up, if it is."

"Are you strong enough to see any one, Albert?" asked his wife.

"Yes—any one but the rascal to whom I owe so much trouble. Bring up any one else."

Had he only known who it was, he would have avoided the meeting.

Emily found a stranger waiting; a man in a red dress of a mechanic or tradesman, whom she had never seen before. Without hesitation, she asked him to come upstairs.

His tall, powerful frame, and face ruddy with health, though bronzed by camp-life, formed a striking contrast with that of the attenuated limbs and pallor of the victim of a reckless life, and its consequences, poverty and privation.

The stranger's eye fell first on the strippling who stood by the foot of the bed. He turned to the woman quickly.

"Is that your son?" he asked.

She answered in the affirmative.

"But not the son of your present husband?"

A scarlet flush rose to her forehead, and her eyes fell beneath the searching glance fixed on her.

"Not my husband's son," she repeated, humbly.

For a moment the stranger looked at the poor lad, who moved aside as he came toward the bed.

His mother placed a chair for the visitor, then whispered to her son, who nodded, and quitted the room. Not till he had disappeared did the man turn to the invalid, walking to the bedside.

Albert had raised himself in the bed, leaning on his elbow, and looking eagerly at the stranger. It was not Jones; that he saw at once. Who was it? The piercing dark eyes were fastened on his face. The tawny complexion, the full beard and whiskers, the hair sprinkled with white, the broad form, Herculean in its promise of strength—all were different from what he had known years before. Slowly—slowly—recognition came.

As he saw who it was, he uttered a faint groan and sunk back, closing his eyes.

"He has fainted!" exclaimed his wife.

"Oh, I did wrong to bring any one to see him. He could not bear it!"

No; he had not fainted. His eyes were wide open—staring, with a wild, terrified expression, at the man who stood by his bedside, steadfastly regarding him.

"Do you know me, Albert Morell?" he asked, at length, stooping a little, and speaking in a low, but distinct voice.

The sick man murmured a name, and glanced uneasily toward his wife.

"Shall I ask her to leave us?"

"There is no need!" was the murmured answer. "She has borne her share of every thing; she will bear this too. Let her hear the worst. You come to denounce me, I suppose."

"No—I do not come for that purpose."

"I deserve it!" cried the invalid. "And if she and the boy could be saved from the misery and shame I have brought on myself, I would thank even the hangman for putting an end to my wretched life."

"Oh, sir, whoever you are," interposed the woman, "do not be hard with him! He has suffered more than I could tell you. He has atoned for any wrong, I am sure."

"Be quiet, Emily; you know nothing of what we are talking about. Sit down, and do not interrupt us."

The wife obeyed, seating herself at the other side of the room.

"As you remember me, Morell," continued the visitor, "you will recollect what happened that night. You got me away in the boat, I understood."

"I did," eagerly answered the invalid.

"I had a tiff with the other fellow, for he wanted to bury you out of sight in the quicksand. He gave up because he took you—we both took you then—for the officer."

"True; you had been promised no money for killing poor Duclos; and yet it was Duclos who was killed."

"I had nothing to do with it," pleaded the sick man, feebly, putting his hands before his eyes as if to shut out some horrible vision.

"I know you did not strike him; you

were there to help only in case of a struggle. And the man who wore my cloak—the cloak I had laid on his shoulders to save him from the cold, little dreaming it was to cost his life—was brutally stabbed while he waited for me by the bridge."

"I was down by the shore; I would not have had it done—!" faltered the invalid.

"Well—you saved me from the murderer; and I owe you my life. Be sure I remember that; though you knew not whom you saved."

"But it would have been the same if I had known—"

"Perhaps so; let that pass. You brought me aboard the vessel, and we landed at Dieppe. I was ill of a fever for several weeks—"

"And I took the best care I could of you; even after I knew who you were, and that the rascal Hugh had made a terrible mistake."

"I give you due credit for that; you had your money safe for your share in the deed."

"Why will you put it so, Lewis? You can not make me out guilty of—"

"Of the murder? I know not what the law would say to it. You were an accomplice, certainly; a hired accomplice!"

The sick man covered his face with his hands and groaned—a heart-broken groan.

His wife started up and came forward.

"Oh, sir, you will not be merciless!" she exclaimed. "Whatever he was tempted to do in those days of wickedness, he saved your life, and he has bitterly repented!"

"Go back, Emily, and do not plead for me," said her husband. "It is not justice. I was a villain—joined in a villain's work. It is right I should suffer. I will give myself up. But it is hard for you, my innocent wife. It was an ill day that yoked you to a man who would be rightly punished by ending his days on a scaffold!"

The wife was weeping violently, and the tears of the self-denouncing penitent trickled through the wasted fingers that covered his face.

The accuser was moved.

"Be comforted, madam," he said, turning to the unhappy woman. "I did not come here to denounce your husband, nor even to reproach him. Heaven forgives all who repent; and I forgive the wrong done to me, while I acknowledge the debt of a life saved."

Emily ceased sobbing, and looked up encouraged.

"I wish you well; I have the power and the will to do you a great deal of good; to restore you something you have lost. It shall be done, as soon as I can consult—another person."

"And you will not betray us—you will not bring him to shame and degradation?"

"I will not. A man who has a conscience is safe from me."

The wife took the soldier's toll-hardened hand and lifted it gratefully to her lips.

"Where now, be calm; sit down and be assured you are safe from me. I only ask him to do an act of justice."

"What is that?" the sick man asked.

"The villain who led you to the brink of this abyss of crime, the wretch whose hands are stained with murder, is here in London."

"Here!" exclaimed Albert, half-raising himself in the bed.

"He was sent to Australia by his villainous principal and employer. But he returned some time since; has been living here as a Jew broker. More than that, he joined his chief in a foul attempt at another murder."

Pale as death, with starting eyes, Morell listened.

"The murder of an innocent girl. They waylaid and seized her, and threw her into the river from Waterloo Bridge! I saved her at the risk of my own life!"

The sick man uttered an exclamation of horror.

"Who was this young girl, you would ask? It was the daughter of Jasper Marlitt's wife; her daughter by her first marriage; my own child!"

He stopped a moment, overcome. Emily had risen and stood by him; sympathy speaking in her looks.

"What was his object? To gain her fortune. To steal the money settled on her by her unhappy mother—the woman he had married—whose name and income he shared—whom he had persecuted so many years—whose life he had struck at through her child's life."

"And you baffled him—you rescued her?"

"But that is not enough. More must be done to save the mother and daughter. He is still plotting against them. I will place them beyond his power before I quit the country forever. And you must help me!"

"What can I do?"

"You must be ready to give your testimony if called upon."

"But I had nothing to do with Marlitt."

"True; but you can be a witness against his accomplice, Hugh Rawd."

"Then you will bring the matter to trial?"

"I can not tell. I must leave that to the son of Duclos—the murdered man. If we could drive the villain back to Australia, all might be safe. But your testimony, given voluntarily, will subject you to no punishment."

"I will give it," said Morell, resolutely.

"I can prove his and Marlitt's attempt on my daughter's life," resumed the other, "if I only dared act openly."

"Why can you not?"

"Think you I would have this wretched history dragged before the public, and my wife branded as a felon? as the woman who, for wealth, took the name of a miscreant while her husband lived? took his name merely—for I know she was never his wife! No! she was innocent, and she shall never suffer disgrace. Her spotless honor shall never be doubted. I have watched over her for years; but I will leave her as soon as she is safe from that monster!"

"Oh, sir!" cried Emily, clasping her hands; "she would rather return to you! Take her back to your arms, and let her be sheltered there from the storms of life!"

A flash of joy transfigured the man's stern features for a moment. But he only shook his head. Then quickly he resumed.

"Listen, madam. Has not Marlitt, or his accomplice, offered to take and educate your son?"

"He did, indeed," replied the woman, wondering how her visitor had come to know that fact. "He offered us an allowance, if I would part with the boy."

"Have you an idea of his object?"

"I could not tell why he wished it, for he never cared for the lad."

"He would have killed him too, most likely."

The mother trembled.

"He would have put him out of the way in some effectual manner. I overheard enough from the wretch, Hugh Rawd, to fathom their designs. They both understand your boy's rights."

"He has rights indeed—if justice were done," said the mother, looking down.

"And it shall be done. Leave it to me. Only promise, Albert Morell, that you will give your testimony when it is called for. Have I your word for that?"

"You have," said the penitent. "As surely as my life is spared."

"You will hear from me in a few days. Meanwhile, do not let your son go out alone, madam, after dusk; and do not receive either Marlitt or Hugh Rawd, if they call on you."

"They shall kill me before they enter this room," was the wife's reply.

"Write to your husband's uncle. He must know all. Here is his address. And you shall soon hear from me."

He laid a card on the table, and went out.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN INHERITANCE NO MORE.

THE man who called himself Sanders made the best of his way home. On the very threshold of his dwelling he encountered Francis Duclos.

"I am so glad I have not missed you, Sanders," said the young man. "I come to you with a message from a lady."

"To me?" asked the other, in surprise.

"To you, from Mrs. Clermont. She is impatient to see the brave man who saved her daughter's life."

"She must excuse me, sir. I am not used to the company of grand ladies, and—"

"You did not hesitate, my good friend, to risk your own life to save one."

"What I did was mere duty; it deserved to be called heroic. One who has served ten years through battle and peril of all kinds, may well feel a helping hand to a fellow-creature in danger; besides, there is a Providence that orders that and all things."

"Surely; there is a Providence who sends the strong to succor the weak."

"Who separates—?" The speaker seemed hardly capable of restraining his emotion.

"And who reunites?" Frank completed the sentence, unobserving of the red flush that mounted to the soldier's brow, and that when he turned aside, he brushed his hand hastily across his eyes.

"Have you any children?" the young man asked, after a pause.

"No," was the answer, in a trembling voice; "no wife—no child; none—none! I live alone in the world! My only comfort is—now and then to render a service to—some one in whom I feel interested."

"If you have no children for whom the lady may provide, you must permit her to show her gratitude to yourself."

"She would pay me for what I did—for saving my child—I beg pardon—her child—money! that I may have a rare jollification; may call together the whole coast-guard, to meet at the best wine-shop in the neighborhood; that I may pay for all, and drink her health, and the young lady's health!"

"Why do you speak so bitterly, my friend?"

"What—you would not have me save the money? I needn't care to save it—save I have—no wife nor child!"

"There is a tone of mockery in your words! You are unjust to the lady; she does not dream that money could pay for her daughter's life; she could have sent you that by me, or by her groom."

"What does she want of me?" asked the man, gloomily.

"To see you; to grasp your hand; to thank you; to invoke blessings upon you; to show you that a warm heart beats in her bosom, if it be covered with fine lace and diamonds!"

"The fine lace and diamonds! Ah! they have not brought her happiness!"

"There is no absolute happiness in wealth or its advantages," returned the young man. "Yet it contributes to happiness; it confers power and honors; it gives the ability to do good."

"What has it done for her?" demanded Sanders, almost fiercely. "It gave her power which a villain wrested from her hands; honors that sicken her heart, like the pined crown we read of, worn by the doomed prince; station from which an accident may hurl her, at any moment, into an abyss of ruin and of infamy!"

"Who are you?" demanded young Duclos, striding after the man as he was rapidly pacing the room, and taking hold of his arm. Sanders stopped short, and faced him boldly.

"Who am I?" he repeated. "You see for yourself: a very poor man; a worn-out soldier; who earns his daily bread by the labor of his hands; who has no wife nor child to comfort his loneliness. But I would not exchange my humble lot for all the riches of the Broadhurst estate, incumbered as it is."

"You are not what you seem, Mr. Sanders. You have some deep cause for this mysterious reserve; for this bitter scorn of riches that bring no peace to the soul. Perhaps you have been wronged—by this lady's husband?"

"Husband!" ejaculated the other, scornfully. "A husband in name only; she has never been his wife but in name! They have had separate homes since their hands were joined at the altar."

"How do you know that?"

"Is it not public enough—the story of those two lives?"

"You should not blame her; she lost the husband of her youth—of her love; she and her child were destitute; she could only take her rightful inheritance on that hateful condition."

"Do you suppose I know not that? Who talks of blaming her? and the deep voice was choked with unshed tears."

"She has suffered more than enough to atone for the error, if error it were. Not only to be chained—in name and seeming—to a man she never loved—whom she has rather loathed—but to be subject to his encroachments—his tyranny—his robberies—his taunts and mockery."

"Would she be free from them—from him?" cried Sanders, suddenly, with gleaming eyes, turning quickly as he spoke.

"Not by crime or wrong, if that is what you mean! She has borne her burden with patience; she will bear it to her grave. Her daughter—But I must go. I am grieved to have to bear Mrs. Clermont an ungracious refusal to her request."

"Not ungracious; I thank her heartily; but I can not enter her house. Stay—as

the young man turned away. "Before I leave this place, to cross her path no more, would she permit me to embrace my child—pardon the hasty expression—I mean the young girl I saved; once—only once!"

"I will answer for it—she will."

"How can you answer for her?"

"Because it is just and right that you should have your wish granted; because I, who am her affianced husband, would wish her to consent."

"You—the affianced husband—"

"Of Miss Oriol Dorant; I am indeed."

The ex-soldier seized his hand, and shook it heartily.

"Her father's blessing—sent by me—be upon you both, and upon your happy union."

"I thank you, Mr. Sanders. Will you come to the house now, or shall I bring the young lady here?"

"If she would condescend—to come—to my dwellings—"

"Why not? It was here she was sheltered and cared for during her illness; why should she not visit her benefactor? I will bring her this evening."

"One word, Duclos—pardon the liberty—I knew your father; it was by that name simply. I was accustomed to call him—"

"You knew my father?" exclaimed the young man.

"Do not all brave soldiers know and love each other? But I have special reasons to remember him; he saved my life."

"Saved your life?" repeated Duclos, in still greater astonishment.

"Yes—by the sacrifice of his own," the last words inaudible. "We were attacked by an enemy, who mistook him for me; the blow meant for me came upon him."

"I never heard of this."

"No; he would not be likely to tell you," was the muttered reply. "But, listen; I will send a message to Mrs. Clermont. She is a noble-hearted woman, you say, taught by bitter experience how worthless riches are to purchase a true peace of soul. She has a nature just as well as generous; she will not lose an opportunity of redressing a wrong."

"You judge her rightly. Try her, and see."

"I will; she shall have the opportunity. She may, if she chooses, right a great wrong."

He drew from the breast of his coat the pocket-book he had wrested from Hugh Rawd.

"Place this in her hands, unopened, undisturbed. Ask her to read the papers it contains. There are but three or four; they will not tax her patience."

"I will give it into her own hands," said the young man, receiving the pocket-book.

"And you may tell her it came only yesterday into my possession; that it was taken from the villain who did the wrong, and who boasted that he could rob her—Mrs. Clermont—by its means, of wealth and station."

I overheard his words; I took the sting from him, little knowing what a responsibility I assumed. Meaning to shield the lady from harm, I have—but she shall decide: I leave it all to her judgment."

"You could not leave a cause in juster hands," said the youth, warmly. "I will give it to her immediately. You may expect Miss Dorant this evening."

And Frank Duclos quitted the hackman's house, returning directly to that of Mrs. Clermont.

The lady had just received from Mrs. Byrnes a reply to another letter she had sent before. She would warmly welcome Oriol to her house, and prepare her for the hurried nuptials. She would be impatient till she could embrace the bride elect, and would drive over to meet her at the railway station.

Mrs. Clermont had suddenly made up her mind to go down to Broadhurst. Since Oriol's stepfather had given his consent to her marriage, it should be solemnized in a manner becoming her station. There should be nothing hurried or clandestine about it.

The grand old mansion should be opened, and should have its quota of distinguished guests. The families of the gentry in the county should be invited to the wedding breakfast. The church should be adorned for the occasion; the Sunday-school children should strew flowers in the bride's path, and every omen of joy should wait upon the auspicious event.

In consequence, the house in town was a scene of confusion, with packing boxes in haste, and sending orders to different servants in the establishment.

Oriol met her lover in the drawing-room. She was hurried a little; she had tried to assist her maid in packing; but her help amounted to nothing; so she had gone into the library to select a few prints and drawings she wished to take with her to the country.

When she heard of Sanders' strange request, and the visit that had been promised to him on her part, she smiled brightly, and said: "You must not be jealous, Frank; but, indeed, I shall fulfill my pledge with all my heart. I have been thinking much of the good man who saved my life, and took such tender care of me. He seemed to me like my own father."

"He seems altogether different from his condition, and superior to it," replied Frank. "He has been used to better fortunes, or to more elevated associations. His words, his manner, the emotion he showed, half-revealed something uncommon in his history. I should say he had been deeply wronged; had proved the falsehood of some one he trusted; had lost those he loved in some dreadful manner; and had hid himself from the world in misanthropical bitterness."

"Poor man!"

"And he told me, Oriol, that my father had once saved his life; receiving a wound or blow meant for him by some enemy!"

"In battle, I suppose?"

"It must be; though he must be much younger than my father. Where are you going, Oriol?"

"To call mamma. She will want to hear about your visit."

Like a young fawn she tripped up the stairs; and presently descended, followed by her mother.

Madeline listened with the deepest interest to Frank's account of his visit to the hackman, and approved of his promise to take Oriol to see him. She moreover, declared her intention to accompany them.

"I am of your opinion," she said, to Duclos—"that this man is other than he seems. Perhaps he is of good family, though poor, and was driven to enlist as a soldier in foreign service. When he retired from the army, having no pension, he has been forced into an occupation distasteful and toilsome; very naturally his pride leads him to avoid those who would have been his equals in

former days. We must insist on being his friends."

"He will not receive compensation; of that I am certain," said Frank.

"We will find a way to

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

Photographed on the spot.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

The master at the blackboard stands,
Pale from instruction's toils and rigors;
The board is filled from end to end
With white chalk-whirls of figures.
His soul is far away in fields
Of mathematical solution;
His body's in the wildest room
That ever revolved in confusion.

The scholars know how to improve
The shining hour behind the master,
And book and slate are thrown aside,
And fun presides now before disaster;
Ah! what if now the master's eye
To look around should take occasion?
Bad luck then to ye youths who are
The hope and promise of the nation!

The future Hamdens mount his desk
As if a parliament commanding;
The future Miltons in the aisle
Upon his learned head are standing;
The future Websters' clanging words
He's spread some on the ceiling plaster,
And six or seven he's stuck upon
The back of the unassuming master.

Young Hiram Powers carves his bench,
And Franklin jumps up irritated,
For some young M. D. behind his back
Him with a pin has vaccinated.
Lord Byron's pulling Southern's hair—
A thing at which he seems quite handy;
And Cromwell, see how he destroys,
Not sparing, but a stick of candy!

Archimedes forgets his lines;
On liquorice proves the force of suction;
And Cesar goes for peanuts with
The most unmerciful destruction;
The future Nelsons, alas, no ships
But cards across among the misses;
Lord Bacon's doffed the dunce's cap,
And laughs in spite of his distresses.

Sixteen-string Jack and Claude Duval
At "pick or po" their luck are trying,
And Tiffan paints his face with ink—
Nor would you deem his colors flying.
And still another general runs
And tumbles of this wild occasion,
The master wields the mystic chalk,
Unconscious of the situation.

Mohammed, the Outlaw.

BY LAUNCE POYNTE.

In the full heat of high noon, in an Indian jungle, a man was wandering on foot. His dress was that of a Hindoo officer of rank, mingled with some curious exotic features, that proclaimed him to be a foreigner. Thus, instead of the Asiatic turban, he wore a sort of French *shako*, with a pom-pom in front; and in his scabbard, opposite to the heavy curved saber, which he carried under his left arm, so as not to trail from the slings, was stuck a long Colt's navy revolver. His face was the strangest of all, to meet in the land of spices, for it was the unmistakable face of a restless, roving Yankee, sharp and keen in outline, with the long nose and sharp-pointed chin, traditional in the portraits of Brother Jonathan, and withal clean shaven, in a land where beards are universal.

What has brought our Yankee friend into this solitary jungle alone, and so slightly armed? That pistol and saber seem but a frail defense against the mighty beasts of the jungle; for the lonely wanderer is in the wildest part of the province of Oude, in the house of the man-eating tiger and the "rogue" elephant. But there is an air of careless hardihood about the sharp face, that tells of long familiarity with danger, and the Yankee is whistling his own rollicking national air, with perfect unconcern, as he walks along.

Presently he commences to soliloquize. "Preserved Fish, my son, ye're a-gittin' near the place where that t'arnal vagabone haunts. Do yer prettiest now, Preserved, or mebbe he'll ketch yeu instead of gittin' ketcht himself— Yeou don't say!"

As he uttered the last words, he stopped suddenly, and his sharp eyes were riveted on the ground in front of him. A partially dried-up pool, still slightly damp at the top, and covered with black mud, lay before him, in the midst of the coarse *surpud* grass of the jungle; and right across the center of it was the enormous track of a great elephant, from the midst of whose footprints little bubbles of water were rising in one or two places.

Preserved Fish halted at the sight, as if he had been shot. He knew well enough what it meant. An elephant had passed there within a few minutes, and alone. A single elephant in the wild jungle is fifty times more dangerous than a herd. The herd may be scared, whereas the single individual is sure to be a morose, savage creature, exiled from his companions for his temper, and deservedly dreaded, under the Indian name of *sauu*, or the equally expressive English, "an old rogue."

Of the malignant nature of the creature Fish had experimental proof the next moment.

He was gazing apprehensively into the jungle, where the track disappeared, when he heard, directly behind him, the hoarse trumpet of the wildest old rogue. The huge beast, huddled himself large as he was, in the neutral colored grass and reeds, had sneaked round unheeded, and now issued from the jungle behind, in full charge on the luckless Preserved.

The Yankee gave one quick glance around him, which took in the whole situation. The next minute he darted across the dried pool towards some large trees that stood on the other side, where the jungle ended in a rising slope, covered with primeval forest.

He was just in time to gain the trees, when the old rogue came thundering through the dried mud, bellowing fiercely; and the self-possessed Yankee slipped behind a young teak tree, and awaited the assault of his huge enemy, without further flight, which he knew to be useless.

He had not long to wait. The old rogue was only twenty yards behind him, when he gained the forest, and the next moment came crash against the tree, like a thunder-bolt. But Preserved Fish knew what he was about. Tremendous as was the shock, the tough old rogue came through the tree, and the self-possessed Yankee slipped behind a young teak tree, and awaited the assault of his huge enemy, without further flight, which he knew to be useless.

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the forest like reeds, and dodging the Yankee among the larger ones, with surprising activity for so bulky a creature. Mr. Fish ran like a lamplighter, and threw out his pursuer several times, by allowing him to overshoot the mark; but, step by step, the cunning old rogue forced him to the edge of the dried pool once more, and the panting and exhausted man had almost given up all hope, when a new figure appeared on the scene.

Out of the jungle from whence the rogue had charged came rushing a second elephant, nearly a third larger, with enormous tusks. On its neck was seated a man, in white garments; and, strangest sight of all, on its mountainous back, perched on a huge pad, clung a splendid royal tiger!

Preserved had only time to note the strange figures, when he was compelled to jump to one side, as the old rogue charged him again, just missing him by a hair's breadth. But it was the brute's last charge.

The impetus carried him out into the dry pool, and there he was met with a thundering shock by the mounted elephant, with its strange riders. The old rogue was tumbled over and over in the mud, and down sprang the tiger on him, clawing and biting furiously, till the creature managed to scramble up and beat a retreat into the jungle, completely discomfited, with the tiger still worrying at its hind quarters.

Preserved Fish was a silent spectator of the strange battle. He did not seem to be much astonished, but some struggle was going forward in his mind, expressed in his muttered remarks.

"Preserved Fish, my son, if yeou ain't a darned skunk, yeou'll go to hum, right off. He ain't no vagabond at all. He's saved my life, an' I were a circumventin' to take his. Gee-rusalem! haow that old rogue du slope! He'd trot ag'in' Blackhawk fur a mile, I guess. Waal, what are I to do, naow? Go on and take the feller? I kin du it. Gosh! 'tain't every day a million of rupees cums to a feller. No! darn me if I will play the skunk, for all the rupees in India. I'll warn him."

As he said the last words, the Yankee stepped out from behind the tree into the open, and confronted the stranger on the

"And how will you do it?" demanded Mohammed, doubtfully. "You may be deceiving me." "Take my weapons," said the Yankee. "I will show you that Preserved Fish keeps his word."

At that moment the clear notes of a bugle came down the wind toward them, and the outlaw started.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

The Wild Man of the Mimbres.

BY RALPH KINGWOOD.

We had been in camp, under the shadow of the Mimbres Mountains, but a short time; some of the fellows were yet at their buffalo-ribs, when Rube came quietly around to where I lay, and squatting down, looked cautiously around, and whispered the single word, "Grizzlies!"

"Whereabouts, Rube?" I asked, fully understanding the old chap's meaning.

"Two yearlin's, back yander on the trail, thar whar we crossed the creek," he replied, in the same mysterious tone of voice.

Rube knew that, if his discovery became known, we would have the whole party out at daybreak, and before the muzzles of thirty rifles, in the hands of such men, the game would assuredly be slaughtered without the smallest chance for "fun."

That's what old mountain-men call it, though I am free to confess that I never could see it, even when the quarry was a "yearlin'!" let alone a full-grown bear.

The old trapper imparted his news, gave me a few directions as to how to leave camp at daybreak without exciting suspicion, appointed a place of meeting, and was off for a good night's rest.

The first gray of approaching dawn found me at the rendezvous. Rube came in a moment later, and we struck out on the back trail, and just as the sun peeped over the high ground to the eastward, we reached the creek where my companion had discovered sign the day previous.



MOHAMMED, THE OUTLAW.

elephant. The man was just in the act of applying a silver whistle to his lips, on which he whistled long and shrilly. It seemed to be the signal to the tiger to return for the animal came bounding back in a few minutes. Then the stranger pressed the point of the short iron rod he carried, into the elephant's crown, with a slight pressure, and the obedient giant fell upon its knees, and allowed its master to dismount, and the two men stood face to face.

Neither appeared to be surprised. The stranger, a dark, handsome man, with the port of a prince, and heavily armed, waved his hand with quiet dignity, and uttered the Mohammed salutation, but in Hindustani: "Peace be unto you."

"Unto you, peace," replied Fish, gravely, in the same tongue. "Mohammed ben Oumbark has saved the life of a man who will not be ungrateful."

The strange man smiled, with an expression of sadness and bitterness commingled. "I have ceased to look for gratitude," he said. "Once I was a prince. You know that, if you know me. Now I am a hunted outlaw in my own country, and they call me a robber, while the real robber sits on my father's throne."

At this moment, the tame tiger, which had returned, came smelling around the Yankee's legs, with an air of some suspicion. Fish exhibited no alarm, however. He boldly laid his hand on the animal's neck, and patted it kindly. Mohammed ben Oumbark stood leaning against a tree, watching the other keenly, but when the tiger sat down and rubbed against the Yankee in a friendly manner, the master observed:

"You are a bold man, friend. Burtheat would not make friends with you if you were not. What do you here, in the uniform of the Nawab's sepoy? Do you not dread Mohammed, the outlaw?"

Fish looked up, after a little pause, and answered frankly:

"My uniform tells the story, Mohammed. I am the chief of the body-guard of Mussirudeen; and, till five minutes ago, I was bent on your capture."

Mohammed started forward, with a frown.

"My capture, mercenary dog! No ten men in Oude can capture me. Have I not worsted a company, ere this, with Burthea and my elephant? Take me! Thou, alone! Ha! I would laugh at thee. Shall I whistle to Burthea to turn on thee now?"

"If you do, farewell to your life!" said Fish, calmly. "I am the only man that can save you, Mohammed. A whole army lies around this jungle even now, and the first shot fired will be the signal for the advance of the torches into the dry grass. You can not fight fire, you know. You have saved my life, and I will save yours in return, although a million of rupees is on your head."

The tracks, broad and deep in the soft clay-bank, were some half-hundred paces above the crossing, and had been discovered by Rube, not by chance, for he had gone up to look for their mothers, as the "kentry" looked favorably.

It was as he had stated, the *spor* of two yearling grizzlies, probably out on one of their first rampages alone; and hence we must keep a sharp look-out for the dam, who was, perhaps, not a great way off.

For more than an hour the trail led us up and into the rugged fastnesses of the mountains; now through deep cuts, then across narrow valleys, along dangerous ledges, and over steep ridges. How Rube followed it was and is a mystery to me, old as I am at such work, and I told him that I believed he was "guessing his way," or else he was the Old Boy himself. Not a nail-scratch could I see, and yet he declared the trail was as broad as a "boss's."

However, it mattered not whether we were right or wrong, for we were not destined to see young Eph that day.

We were pursuing what Rube asserted was the trail, along a narrow shelf of rock that overlooked a yawning chasm, when, all at once, Rube, who was in front, stopped as though he had been shot at, and jerking up his arm at an angle of forty-five degrees, exclaimed:

"Jerusalem! look yander!"

The direction was clearly pointed, and I had no difficulty in catching sight of Rube's discovery; and a most startling one it was.

Upon a sharp pinnacle of rock that shot up from the further side of the chasm, with every outline sharply defined against a crimson sky, stood as wild-looking a human being as one could well imagine. A few pieces of the skin of some animal were hung here and there about his person, barely redeeming it from absolute nakedness; his head was devoid of other covering than great masses of sun-burned, tangled hair, that hung far down over his dirt-begrimed shoulders, imparting an aspect indescribably wild and savage. In one hand he carried a short club, much the size and appearance of one of our city guardians' batons, and in the other a veritable *sling*, such as were used by the ancients.

This object was regarding us keenly, evidently undetermined whether to stay or take flight.

"Digger?" I said.

"Nary a Digger," was Rube's reply. "Don't 'ee see the critter's white? 'Sides which, I knows somethin' about it. They do say them as order know, that, when it gits its back up, as it doose at times, it fairly makes the mount'ins howl wi' its racket."

"Can we—"

"Look out; hyar it comes!" suddenly exclaimed my companion, instinctively throwing his rifle forward.

The wild-looking creature had leaped down from the place it had occupied, and, dashing across the narrow level space that lay between the rock and the chasm, with the swiftness of a startled buck, took the fearful leap with the grace and ease of a mountain goat.

The gap was all of twenty feet in width, and when I realized that the man really intended making the jump, I involuntarily closed my eyes to avoid witnessing the horrible catastrophe that I felt sure would occur.

"Clard it, by ther Eternal!" I heard old Rube exclaim, and on looking again, I found such was the case.

Landing upon our side, the wild man, for such he was, paused a moment, and regarded us with the same scrutinizing look, muttering the while some unintelligible sentences or sounds. Seemingly reassured, the creature advanced a step, halted, again advanced, and again stopped when within ten or fifteen paces of where we stood.

As it paused the last time, the sling was passed into the right hand.

"Look out fur y'urself, boyee!" exclaimed Rube, sharply; "it ar' a-goin' ter use that funny-lookin' weepin'," and he instantly dodged behind a jutting rock, whither I as quickly followed.

During this time I was enabled to closely study the man's face. It was apparently that of a person forty-five or fifty years of age, wrinkled and tanned by long exposure to the elements. The eyes were large and round, and actually burned with the intensity of a live-coal of fire. I do not exaggerate in this, in the least.

His hands and feet were small and well formed, and his person, or rather limbs, were almost perfect in their physical development.

That he was possessed of enormous strength and activity the leap he had just taken fully demonstrated.

For an instant or two this strange creature stood slowly swinging the sling back and forth, as though waiting for a chance to hurl the stone, and then, seemingly actuated by some sudden impulse, it turned and sped swiftly away over the rocks.

"Arter him!" said old Rube, darting out.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Lines on the death of COLONEL ALFRED D. HYNES, (Ralph Kingwood.)

BY FRANK H. DROBON.

God receive his soul!—Amen.
Close and seal the wide, dark eyes,
Where death's awful shadow lies—
Light will never dawn again;
No more tears to weep;
No more watch to keep;
Nothing but sleep!

Lay his passive hands at rest,
In the way that they shall be,
All throughout eternity.
Cross them idly on his breast;
Ere yet the work be done,
Ere yet the web be spun,
These listless hands begin.

Make his lips meet once for all;
Never more to smile or pray,
Or a loving word to say,
Or to answer any call.
Wan lips so still and cold,
There is nothing to be told
Of the secrets they infold.

Smooth away the soft brown hair
From the brow where thought lies dead;
On the heart where love hath fled,
Fold the linen softly down.
Rest forever, heart and brain;
Never passion, care, or pain
Break thine awful peace again!

Short Stories from History.

Wooden Artillery.—Few narratives of sieges are more entertaining than that given in the "Seir Mutakhereen," of a fort which was defended by the use of wooden artillery, and defended effectually, in one of Aurangzeb's campaigns in the Deccan. The commandant was nearly unprovided with cannon, having only one or two defective pieces. The town was, however, a great mart for timber. The governor, securing both the timber and the carpenters, garnished his ramparts with wooden imitations of cannon; and being fully supplied with most other requisites, when the imperial army arrived, put a good face on the business. He did more, too, for he kept the secret within his own walls; and the enemy, respecting the number of his train, commenced their approaches in due form, affording him thus abundance of leisure to mature his plan of defense. Every piece, as soon as fired, became, of course, unserviceable, but he immediately replaced it by a new one. The balls from the imperial batteries were returned with the utmost facility, as, however ponderous these were, our hero was able to supply pieces of any caliber, and send ricochet shot, *selon les regles*, even with more effect than his enemy. The labors of the Carron Foundry never produced more guns in a year than this man's ingenuity did in one siege. The cannon, out at last with the obstinate defense, which he made from his batteries, determined to carry the place by escalade in open day. Having failed, however, in some similar enterprises, a neighboring saint was procured, who was to head the attack, and by the sanctity of his character, to inspire the soldiers with greater zeal in a desperate cause. The holy man was raised on a platform, and carried in the rear of the forlorn hope. The governor's good luck still adhered to him. A shot from a wooden gun, when the escaladers were nearly close to the walls, knocked down the saint, on which the party took to their heels. A delay ensued; the siege was at last raised; and the commandant covered with glory.

A Miraculous Escape.—In Alligator county, North Carolina, there is a swamp about five miles across, called the Little Dismal. Into the interior of this desert Mr. Janson penetrated on horseback, with a negro for his guide, who traced out the road by the notches cut on the trees. "I," says Mr. Janson, "carried my gun in my hand, loaded with slugs, and more ammunition slung across my shoulders. About midway, and about two hundred yards before me, I saw a large quadruped nimbly climb a tree. The negro, looking in a contrary direction, did not perceive the motion, and eager to fire, I did not inform him. We went a foot's pace, and when within gun-shot, I discovered the beast through the foliage of the wood, and immediately fired. The shot took effect, and my astonishment was great to see a monster, of the species of the tiger, suspended by his fore-feet from the branch of a tree, growling in tones of dreadful discord. The negro was greatly terrified; and my horse, unused to the report of a gun fired from his back, plunged, and was entangled in mire. Losing the reins, I was precipitated into the morass, while the negro vociferated, 'Massa, massa, we are lost!' Recovering, I beheld the ferocious brute on the ground, feebly advancing toward us. By an involuntary act, I presented my empty gun; at sight of which, conscious, no doubt, that the same motion which inflicted the smart he felt, the creature made a stand, gave a hideous roar, and turned into the thickest part of the swamp; while, in haste and great agitation, I reloaded my piece. The poor slave, whose life to him was as dear as mine could be to me, held up his hands, and thanked the god he worshipped for his deliverance. I was unconscious of the danger I had courted, till he told me that the beast I had encountered was a panther, larger than any he had ever seen despoiling his master's flocks and herds; and that, when pursued by man, these animals rally with great ferocity. Had I been apprised of this, I should have sought my safety in flight, rather than have begun an attack; but I conjectured the creature to be of no larger dimensions than a wild-cat, when I fired."

Fighting Quaker.—In the American war a New York trader was chased by a small French privateer, and having four guns, with plenty of small arms, it was agreed to stand a brush with the enemy, rather than be taken prisoners. Among several other passengers was an athletic Quaker, who, though he withstood every solicitation to lend a hand, as being contrary to his religious tenets, kept walking backward and forward on the deck, without any apparent fear, the enemy all the time pouring in their shot. At length, the vessels having approached close to each other, a disposition to board was manifested by the French, which was very soon put in execution; and the Quaker, being on the look-out, unexpectedly sprung toward the first man that jumped on board, and grappling him forcibly by the collar, coolly said, "Friend, thou hast no business here," at the same time hoisting him over the ship's side.